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SIXPENCE.
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THE ARDLAMONT CASE.

CHAPTER IV.—THE TRIAL. (Continued.)

The interest taken in the trial is astonishing in some ways, for, on the whole, it has been a dull affair of its kind. Everything up to now has gone very tamely, and the *coup de théâtre* that sometimes occurs in



Photo by A. Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

LIEUTENANT HAMBROUGH'S MOTHER.

English criminal cases has never shown signs of appearance. The truth is that the Scotch procedure eliminates the chance of a surprise to an even superfluous degree. Over the first witness for the defence there was trouble, because, acting under advice, he had refused to allow the Crown to "precognosce" him—that is, to make him tell the enemy what his evidence would be. The judge spoke severely of the refusal, and declared it to be quite improper. With a knowledge of the proofs of all your opponent's witnesses, with no right to use any exhibit not scheduled days in advance, or to call a witness unless his name has been given to the other side some time before the trial, anything like the scene in the

current Adelphi drama, "A Woman's Revenge," is inconceivable in Scotland, even in a play.

Most of the evidence given for the Crown since I wrote last week has been dull to a distracting degree to any layman. A day has been spent in efforts to establish the identity of Scott with Sweeney or Davies the bookmaker, the object obviously being to show that Monson knew him well beforehand, and allowed him to come down to Ardlamont under a false name, and on a mission for which he seemed hardly suited. Witness after witness was called, and the descriptions they gave appeared to tally with the appearance of the fugitive from justice; but the rules of the game prevented the photograph from being shown, so there was nothing conclusive. A brother of Sweeney was called, who swore that "Long Ted" was not in Scotland during August; but he gave a very lame account of several matters, and a most unsatisfactory explanation of the disappearance of Edward Sweeney. The judge stopped one question that might have brought an answer settling the matter; it would only be admissible if Sweeney were in the dock, or proved to be mad or dead.

More evidence was given about the Hambrough finances, though how the greater part of it helped the case of the Crown, or even affected the case, one cannot see. The valuation by an actuary of the poor boy's expectations showed that he was heir-apparent to about £4000 a year from the Hambrough property, and had his father's life and the possibility of his elderly uncle marrying and having children between him and the Pipewell property, with a rental of £2000. These expectations, when of age, he might have sold against his father's wish for £26,000, but with the consent of Major Hambrough he could have got twice as much. For the father, by virtue of his life estate, is protector of the settlement, and with his consent the entail could be barred, and the estates converted into fee-simple: without his aid, the son could only bar his issue and create a base fee. The difference in value between the fee-simple and the base fee would be rather more than a hundred per cent.

Using these figures, it seems that the defence can build up an argument that, as the lad might get £26,000 next year, and since, as the Crown asserts, Monson had an overwhelming influence over him, it would have seemed wiser to an unscrupulous man to run no risk of his neck for a disputable £20,000 insurance, when, by waiting a little, he could assist in spending £26,000; however, it seems a rather dangerous argument.

The defence beginning, like the Crown, without any opening speech, plunged at once into the middle of the matter by calling Dr. Matthew Hay, Professor of Medical Jurisprudence in Aberdeen University. Then began the battle of the experts. "Who shall decide when doctors disagree?" asked Pope, and the answer seems to be, "The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker, sitting as a jury." The grim humour of it seems colossal. A man's life and the happiness of his wife and children depend on the question which of the two is right, the set of doctors and gunsmiths who say "Black," or the antagonistic collection of equally qualified experts who say "White," and instead of the decision being left to a jury of doctors and gunsmiths, or to three judges with keenly trained minds, it has to be given by two farmers, a builder, two bakers,

a draper, a provision merchant, two grocers, an architect, a plumber, an engineer, a coal merchant, and two commercial travellers—or by the odd man of them if they happen to disagree.

Rarely has there been a finer strife of experts, yet one must believe that they are all honest men; but the truth is that the combative instinct is terribly strong in even the most kindly character. Tell a man he is for the defence, and he sees everything through glasses of one colour; call him for the Crown, and the same being will seem to wear spectacles of an entirely different hue. In the heat of battle the expert's blood gets warm; it becomes a contest of wit and knowledge between him and counsel, and poor Truth goes to the wall, even though no one wilfully drives her away.

Dr. Matthew Hay declares that the pellet wounds in the rowan tree were there before the accident; some of them are even cicatrised by the growth of the bark. As for the impossibility of the wound being accidental, he had a set of photographs showing how it might have occurred. However, it proved that for this purpose the stock of the gun would have to be supported. Then came the question of distance. Nine feet as the probable distance of the muzzle from the skull seemed out of the question to him: a whole hecatomb of horses had been slaughtered, and his view was that at nine feet the head would have been peppered with the shot. In his opinion the real distance was one foot. Somewhat gingerly he was taken up to the ditch by Mr. Tomson, and thought that the body might have been found in it; but when Mr. Asher's turn came the witness had to admit that, although the tale of the defence rests in the ditch, all his calculations were based on the assumption that the lad fell dead on the dyke and never moved; moreover, he could not pretend that he saw any sign of the body having lain in the ditch. Although the lack of stains on the clothes of Scott and Monson and the fact that there was but a speck on the boy's coat suggested that the body had not been moved, it was not conclusive; nor did the fact of the wad and the pieces of bone being found on the dyke seem decisive.

This witness was the one who had wrongfully refused to be "precognosced," and, of course, it was a great pity. If the Crown had known that his experiments had led to conclusions so opposed to the results of their tests, some means would have been found of making trials under circumstances that might have saved the jury from the appalling task of harmonising such contradictory statements, and no doubt the refusal will cause the jury to attach less value to Dr. Hay's testimony than under other circumstances it would have deserved.

The second witness called, also a medical man, held the opinion that the shot was fired, "roughly speaking, within arm's length," and on the whole he corroborated Dr. Matthew Hay. Then came Mr. Tom Speedy, who believed that two feet was the extreme distance possible. He is a well-known shooting agent, and, naturally, has heard of many accidents, of which there may be an infinite variety, most of them, *prima facie*, seeming impossible.

Since, on account of Christmas, we go to press ere the result of the case is known, I do not feel justified in pretending to form any opinion as to what should be deduced from this Homeric struggle of the doctors over the body of the poor lad. On a general view of the defence, it seems rather of the character of putting the Crown to the proof than that of any bold line of attack. By its heavy fight over the question of accident or no accident, it appears to exclude some possible but dangerous lines of defence, and it seems unlikely that the evening papers will have any chance for a really sensational headline till the end of the affair. Indeed, the one possibility for the papers rests on the chance of one juror, who is already ill, breaking down, or the influenza attacking another of the fifteen, in which case, owing to the wonderful jury system, the whole affair will have to be tried again. As for the chance of the reappearance of Scott, one can but say that there have been so many rumours of "expected arrest" that one has ceased to give any weight to them. Before this week's *Sketch* appears the verdict will be known, and in the following week I shall be able to discuss some matters connected with the case that at present I may not mention.

E. F.-S.

LYCEUM THEATRE.—Sole Lessee, MR. HENRY IRVING. On TUESDAY EVENING, Dec. 26 (BOXING NIGHT), at 7.30, and twice daily, at 1.30 and 7.30—

MR. OSCAR BARRETT'S FAIRY PANTOMIME, CINDERELLA.

Box-office open daily, 10 to 5. Seats can be secured by letter or telegram. Mr. Joseph Hurst, Acting Manager.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.—MR. TREE, Sole Lessee and Manager. EVERY EVENING (for a limited number of nights), at 8.30, CAPTAIN SWIFT. Preceded at 8 by SIX PERSONS, a Duologue, by I. Zangwill. MATINEE OF CAPTAIN SWIFT, SATURDAY NEXT, at 2.30. Box-office (Mr. Leverton) open 10 till 5.—HAYMARKET.

DALY'S THEATRE, Leicester Square.—MR. AUGUSTIN DALY'S COMPANY. EVERY EVENING, at 8, THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL. Miss Ada Rehan as Lady Teazle, Mr. William Farren as Sir Peter Teazle. MATINEE TO-DAY (Wednesday, Dec. 27), at 2; and LAST MATINEE, Saturday next, Dec. 30. Monday, Jan. 1, THE COUNTRY GIRL. Miss Rehan as Peggy; Mr. Farren as Moody. Box-office daily, 9 to 5. Seats also at all Libraries.

VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.—MRS. OTHELLO. BOXING NIGHT AND EVERY EVENING, at 9. Messrs. Charles Glenney, Julian Cross, J. G. Grahame, G. Raïmond, Percy Marshall, Cecil Crofton; Misses Cicely Richards, Blanche Horlock, Irene Rickards, Alice de Winton, Florence Melville, and Miss Fanny Brough. Preceded at 8.15 by THE BROTHERS. Seats at all Libraries. Box-office open daily. MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, at 3.



SOME FACES AT THE ARDLAMONT TRIAL.

SKETCHED BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

HORS D'ŒUVRES.

It is—or has just been—Christmas time, and children—grown up, many of them—are awaking this morning from the ocular indigestion of the pantomime or the more solid affliction of the Boxing Day dinner, which is the Christmas dinner made more incapable of assimilation by being warmed up again. Christmas holidays are still with us, and will be yet, perhaps, for a month or so. Oh, the weariness and imposture of this holiday business!

The fact is that holidays, taken at fixed times, are to the average man of mature age nuisances. What is a person of refinement to do on a Bank Holiday? Shut himself up in his innermost room with a book, and try to forget the howling throngs that make hideous the country in summer and the places of amusement in winter. And the members of that throng are practically denied all hope of enjoying themselves in a rational manner by being herded with the innumerable "Bank Holiday young men," not to speak of maidens. In a crowd, the manners of the individual are speedily reduced to the lowest common denominator—and very common that denominator often is.

We shall never be no other than Philistine till we have got into the habit of taking our holidays by sections. To let loose hundreds of thousands of clerks and shopmen on the country or the theatres gluts the theatres or the country for a day or two, and then leaves them deserted. Hence it comes that London is over-supplied with theatres for all days but Boxing Day, and that, instead of alternating between town and country, we rush *en masse* to seaside or green fields, and make them a mere piece of London, or Birmingham, or Manchester for a few hours. If Sir John Lubbock had intended really to benefit his country he would have proposed sectional Bank Holidays. Let us say that all firms having names beginning with certain letters should close on certain days, and so on, the contingent of one day being not enough to severely tax the resources of railways or the holding capacity of theatres.

At present we have a rush of unhealthy excitement followed by stagnation—a reckless ingurgitation of deleterious, or, at least, precarious, solids and liquids, and then the leanness of ordinary diet. Why not spread the Christmas dinner over a considerable period? Let turkey be *de règle* one day, plum-pudding a fortnight further on, mince pies at yet another date, and let the brandy be not lighted round the pudding, but reserved for its due and fitting soda at a future date.

Equability is what we sadly need. We live politically in an alternation of undue zeal and undue stagnation, of neglecting our Navy, let us say, and rushing into hasty and wasteful expenditure. We are always either making cent. per cent. or losing it. Indeed, the more skilful of our business-men contrive to lose many cents. per cent. I do not quite know how it is done; but it happens.

Stock Exchange transactions, when there are any such things, seem happily designed for losing money. But a broker whom I know tells me that there are no transactions on the Stock Exchange now, and have not been for years. If there were any business to be done there, I sometimes think I should like to take a few hundreds and speculate on my own fancies in stocks. It is nearly as exciting as betting on races, and far more moral. Several times I have had notions that would have made my fortune if I had backed them with the wherewithal. The late Chilian civil war, for instance: I prophesied the fall of Balmaceda when in the last death-grapple with his opponents. I felt inclined to buy Chilians during the struggle, and they jumped ten points when it was decided. Only I had not the money to put on them, and probably should not have speculated if I had owned the money. The successful speculator is not he who makes just financial forecasts—we all can do that sometimes—but the man who dares to back his opinion for all he is worth.

I should like to act as adviser to others in the matter of foreign stocks and exchanges. It would be delightful to read up the history of various countries, and estimate how far it was repeating itself. There is Russia, for instance, a country whose foreign policy has moved, in the main, on traditional lines for nearly two centuries, and whose inconvertible paper currency is even more sensitive to every rumour or change than her bonds. I feel convinced that I could, by a study of Russian history, enable a client to make a large fortune out of speculation in Russian stocks and roubles. But I feel even more firmly convinced that I should not make a large fortune out of speculation for myself. MARMITON.

NOTE.

The Sketch will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.

A CHAT WITH MR. "LIMELIGHT."

The services of Mr. "Limelight" are too brilliant to require any personal laudation. He himself works in the dark, but his deeds match the sunlight in all its varying colours, from the blush of sunrise to the glow of sunset. Occasionally, it is true, he has been dragged from his obscurity into the glare of publicity to receive, perhaps with a popular dancer, a public ovation. But it was not with that individual that I had my chat. No; my particular friend objects to the light of publicity being turned on himself, and, for obvious reasons, it is not unnatural.

"No," said he; "you just fancy that I'm up there behind my 'lenses,' and then I shall be where Moses was when he put out the candle, and that will just suit me. However, I don't suppose I can tell you much. You should have got hold of old Kerr before he died, a fortnight ago. He could have amused you if you like. Why, he was the 'Father of Limelight.' He at one time used to do all the business, contracted for all the theatres and music-halls, and laid by, they say, quite £30,000. His son carries on the business now. Old Kerr was the great-grandfather of us all, so to speak."

"Does the business run in families?"

"Yes; it does in a way. The fact is the business is so fascinating that you can't get away from it. Now, my father thought he'd put me into a different trade, and he apprenticed me first to one business and then to another, and I served my articles; but, Lor', the day I ran out of them I went straight to the theatre, back to the old business. And then we are a privileged class; we don't 'book in' like the other *employés*, for contractors often send different men every night. We can generally introduce a friend, too. I have had the most tempting offers to pass in a 'swell' as couldn't get a seat on some royal occasion, when the Shah or the Emperor of Germany was present; but, of course, I wasn't going to run the risk of losing my place."

"I suppose your work is quite an art and wants lots of practice?"

"I should think so, indeed. Look here, limelight is quite a different affair to what it was when I was a lad. Then it was used for a single effect. Perhaps I'd be engaged by a particular artiste, and follow him about from hall to hall with my lantern. But now the limelight is employed to light the whole stage throughout the performance. Why, some theatres, like Drury Lane and the Lyceum, have got as many as twenty-five to thirty limelights, and it wants a lot of knowing to work 'em properly. It is sometimes a matter of life and death, too. Take, for instance, the duel scene in 'The Dead Heart,' when Irving and Bancroft used to fight. You had to watch 'em like a cat does a mouse to keep the light on 'em, or an accident might have happened. Of course, that's an exceptional house; everything there, especially in limelight, is done real artistic. Why, it's we that make the moonlight, the sunrise, and all the rest of it, and by such nice gradations, too. You see, there is a direct purpose in every light."

"It must be hard work to follow the *première danseuse*?"

"Well, it wants constant practice. Of course, we know what part of the stage she will go to next; if we didn't we couldn't focus her correctly while we picked up the right slide to slip in to change the effect. Then there are always new inventions coming out with revolving lights, and I hear of a new arc electric light which, if it succeeds, will probably entirely displace the old oxy-hydrogen lime."

"I suppose the artistes are rather exacting sometimes?"

"Well, they wouldn't find it pay to be saucy. You see, we might put in the wrong slide at a critical moment or take off the light at an equally inconvenient situation. Of course, genuine mistakes occur occasionally. I remember they once put in a purple moon in 'The Magic Flute' at Covent Garden. Oh! Lor', wasn't there a row!"

"I presume you never have had anyone who objected to the lime, with its brilliant effect on eyes, teeth, and jewels?"

"Yes, I did once. It was at a music-hall over the water. I couldn't think what had come to the girl, who was a new 'un. She kept shaking her handkerchief at me. I thought she wanted me to join in the chorus, because that was part of our duty in some songs at some halls. It was not at all uncommon to distribute a few *employés* in the galleries and wings to take up the choruses. Well, afterwards, she told me what was the matter. She was one of the 'had beens.' She looked all right without the light, but that showed up her wrinkles just proper."

"As in every other business, you require tact, I suppose?"

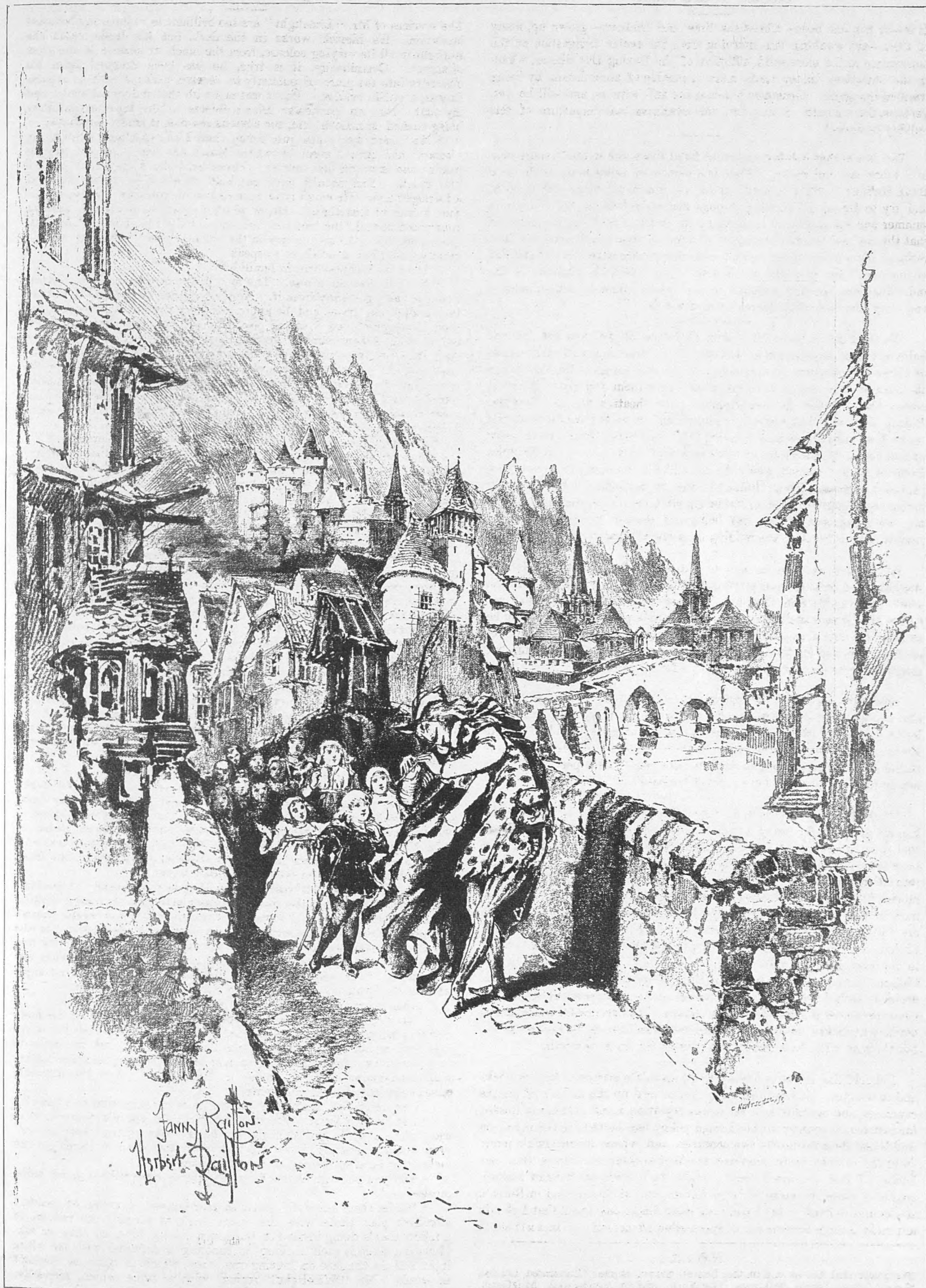
"Just so; it wouldn't do, for instance, to put your light on the faces of flying fairies and such like, because the audience would see the wires over their heads, so we focusses lower down on a level with the waist on such occasions. Then, again, we have to follow the story in a descriptive song introducing different shades to illustrate it. And the dramatic effect helps out the singer immensely."

"I expect in the pantomime you are most in requisition as a body?"

"You're just right. For the first fortnight there's every light in use; after a while the management begin 'sharpening their knives' preparatory to cutting down expenses, and lots of extra hands get the sack—that is, after the papers have had their say."

"And you get regular tips from the artistes, especially at music-halls, or else—"

"We let them know it! Well, in good houses, of course, we couldn't afford to play tricks with the lights, such as turning the red on to a fellow that's dying instead of the green or the blue, nor may we ask. However, there is such a thing as shooting a defaulter with the white light full in the face on leaving the stage, which is quite as eloquent as words," Mr. "Limelight" replied with a smile which, naturally, I suitably rewarded.



"THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN," AT THE COMEDY THEATRE.

SCHOOLBOYS ON THE STAGE.

At this season of the year the footlights become infectious. Many people who go to pantomime never darken a theatre door at any other time of the year, and youth is not only amused—it seeks to amuse. During the past ten days the boys at many of our great public schools have donned sock and buskin for the nonce. Notable among the performances has been a Greek play at Edward the Sixth's School, Stratford-on-Avon, where Shakspeare learned little Latin and no Greek. This performance was interesting for its associations. But of greater historic prominence was the representation of Plautus's "Trinummus" given for the third time on Wednesday by the scholars of St. Peter's College, Westminster. The Westminster play is a relic of the time when schoolboys had to practise the performance of a Latin comedy or tragedy. What was a custom of the day became, in the case of St. Peter's College, an obligation, under a statute of Queen Elizabeth, the principal foundress, which enjoined the head-master and under-master to see that one play in Latin should be acted either privately or publicly, to the end "that young people may spend Christmas time more profitably, and may gain

Master T. Cooper was dainty Dorothy for the nonce. One does not associate the sturdy modern schoolboy with fairydom, and yet the pupils at the Grocers' Company's School in Hackney produced that gem of Gilbert and Sullivan fashioning, "Iolanthe"—why doesn't Mr. Carte revive it in town?—and, thanks to the careful direction of Mr. Ernest Newton, gave it admirably.

Even school-maidens have gone in for mumming during this merry season. Among the notable performances was the representation of another of the Gilbert-Sullivan series—indeed, the first of the series—"The Sorcerer," which was played last week at the Central Foundation School of London for Girls. It is interesting to note that the part of Aline was undertaken by Miss Sophie Tyler, daughter of the Lord Mayor. The male rôles were undertaken by gentlemen, for, apparently, while boys may take girls' parts in amateur acting, girls find it too serious a breach of decorum to play male parts: their emancipation has not quite reached that point. Christmas is proverbially the season of goodwill, and when one thinks of the troops of delighted sisters and cousins and aunts who become enraptured over such performances the schoolboy (or girl) on the stage surely performs a very seasonable function.

Lesbonicus (B. C. Boulter). Megaronides (E. M. Loughborough). Callicles (E. P. Garrett). Sycophanta (J. F. Waters). Philto (E. H. Waterfield). Lysiteles (C. D. Fisher).



Stasimus (W. C. Mayne).

Charmides (T. E. Harwood).

Photo by Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, W.

THE WESTMINSTER PLAY: "TRINUMMUS."

a better familiarity with graceful gesture and pronunciation." This injunction has ever been religiously observed, and is satisfied at the present day by the performance, in rotation, of one comedy of Plautus, the "Trinummus," and three of Terence, the "Andria," the "Adelphi," and the "Phormio." Three representations are given of every comedy. A prologue in Latin verse is declaimed by the Captain of the Queen's Scholars—this year Mr. T. Eustace Harwood—recounting the chief events of the year, while in an epilogue the same events are reviewed from a more amusing standpoint. There is a Gilbertian grotesqueness in the Latinising of the current events of the year in the epilogue. The very names of the speakers are quaint: Luxuria (wife of Lesbonicus), Inopia (another miner's wife), Megaronides (a malcontent Radical), Callicles (an optimistic Conservative), Lysiteles (a yachtsman), Philto (a pessimistic aristocrat), Lesbonicus (a miner on strike), Stasimus (a newsvendor), Charmides (a merchant exhibitor), Sycophanta (a man from Blankley's). They meet, not in the Forum, though their names might lead one to suppose that this was their rendezvous, but in the nineteenth-century Trafalgar Square, where Stasimus "enters with the evening papers." One of the best bits in the epilogue was where Charmides and Lysiteles appeared very wayworn, and accompanied by a silent African chief. The conversation that ensues is very amusing, and includes references to Lobengula, Mr. Labouchere, and even the devious byways of that fascinating occupation, company promoting. At King's College School the youthful actors figured in French, Greek, and English, giving a scene from Molière's "Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme," "The Frogs," of Aristophanes, and "The Critic."

Other schools pitch their dramatic aspirations in a very much more modern key. The scholars of the Central Foundation School for Boys in Cowper Street, City Road, have given the ever tuneful opera "Dorothy," and that, too, in a very creditable manner. There is something almost quite as comical in the idea of boys playing girls' parts as of Greeks and Romans criticising the world of to-day. The lovely Lydia Hawthorne was represented not by a damozel but by a boy, Master C. Rayner, while

THE PRINCIPAL BOY.

Our old Father Christmas displays
The art of a fairy in Grimm;
He softens the heart by his ways,
He brightens the eye that is dim.
But by far the most wonderful whim
The Wizard of Winter enjoys
Is changing a *her* to a *him*
When girls become Principal Boys.
Were princes once feminine fays,
Apparelled in tights that were trim,
And waging Quixotical frays
For princesses (pinafores—prim)?
Did maidens wear hats with a rim
That only a juggler could poise?
What craze will be next in the swim,
Since girls become Principal Boys?
It isn't alone in our plays
That ladies are lissom of limb:
Ah no! these are amazon days—
Just happen to visit a "gym";
Miss Trixie (transformed into Tim)
Will swing "56's" like toys,
We're done with the slender and slim,
Now girls become Principal Boys.

WHAT THEN?

So, Johnnies, fill up to the brim,
A health to our darling decoys!—
It's rather thin ice that I skim,
But—girls become Principal Boys.

J. M. B.

BASSANO'S TYPES OF ENGLISH BEAUTY.



MISS ETHEL MATTHEWS.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MR. A. BASSANO, OLD BOND STREET, W.

A PANTOMIME PRODUCER.

MR. FRED STOREY.

Mr. Fred Storey holds quite a unique position in the realm of pantomime, having been connected by both art and actuality with its production on many occasions. It will possibly be a surprise to many to learn that not only the beautiful and effective stage scenery in "Aladdin in Luck," now being performed at the Parkhurst Theatre at Holloway, was entirely modelled from Mr. Storey's drawings and painted by his own hand, but also that the exquisitely dainty dresses, reminding one of the artistic taste of a Wilhelm or an Edel, were designed by him; while his matchless dancing in the pantomime is actuality personified. Mr. Storey is quite a past-master in scene-painting. The scenery of the second version of "Rip van Winkle" at the Comedy, that of "Indiana" at the Avenue, of the revived "Esmeralda" at the Gaiety, and all the scenery required on one of his Australian tours were undertaken by him and much admired. Possibly, in his workshop in Camden Town, in the midst of great masses of scenery, mortising tools, lathes, and carpentering apparatus, he might expatiate, in connection with this branch of art, on the trials of the scenic artist when he has not a completely free hand. For he is wont to complain that he is too frequently handicapped by the stage-manager, who steps in at the last moment and spoils all his effects with the conflicting suns of his limelights, thereby casting most disastrous shadows, while his obstinate alteration in the position of wings and borders too often utterly upsets the scheme of perspective.

However, I preferred not to disturb him at his work, but to make my call on him at his house in King Street, Covent Garden. With one leg over his shoulder and curled round his neck, and with the big toe on the other extremity stuck, perhaps, jauntily in one of his waistcoat pockets, such would have been quite my conception of Mr. Fred Storey's attitude of complete ease when at home from what I had previously seen of his suppleness and agility on the stage. In fact, he always appears as though he could set all the mechanical laws regulating ordinary joint action in anatomy at defiance. Very justly has it been said of him that as an eccentric dancer there is not his equal before the public, though he has many rivals, while that double twist of the leg, in particular, is as unique as it is indescribably funny.

However, the Don Quixote of Leicester Square was not reposing in the acrobatic form I had thought probable. Indeed, as I met him,



MR. FRED STOREY AS A CHARWOMAN.

standing before his own hearth among the luxurious comforts of his house, I would have taken him for an artist, a poet, or an inventor, with his careworn look, longish hair, and handsome, intellectual face, and I should not have been by any means wrong. "Those damned legs of

his"—to quote a stage-manager's expressive comment when Fred Storey, careless or forgetful alike of words and music, yet brought down the house with his dancing—have, it is true, proved for him, physically and financially, supports of golden greatness, in spite of their slenderness; yet, as far as his own tastes are concerned, dancing is not all the world to him. His heart is rather in the heads and landscapes from his brush hanging on the walls, and exhibiting extraordinary talent, while his



Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

MR. FRED STOREY.

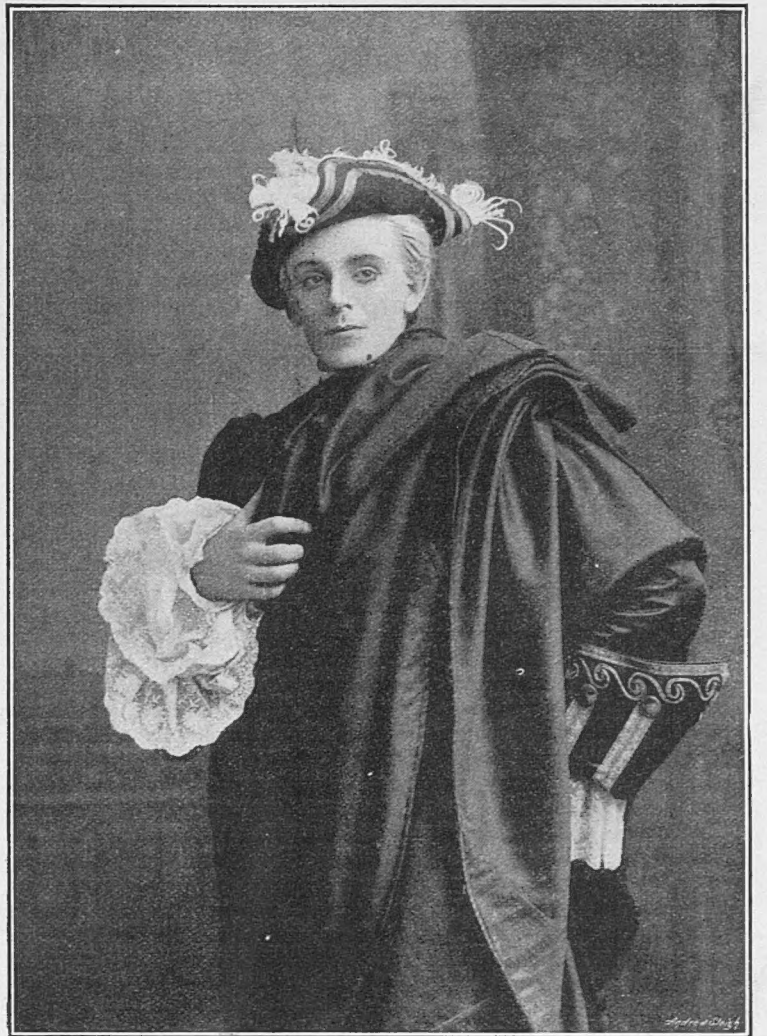
capacity for taking infinite pains, especially in the direction of art, is evidenced in the fact that the very mural decorations, even to his own special composition of the pigments used, are his handiwork.

Mr. Storey makes a most pleasant companion, and keeps you constantly amused, and often surprises you with the apparent anomalies in his character. From a grave discussion on art he may break off suddenly to relate an amusing account of a wild dance among the decanters and plates, without damage to one, at a social supper, or may describe the amicable yet sanguinary "set to" with the "raws" outside the "Cottage" at Sydney engaged in by Fred Leslie and himself for the mere "fun of the thing."

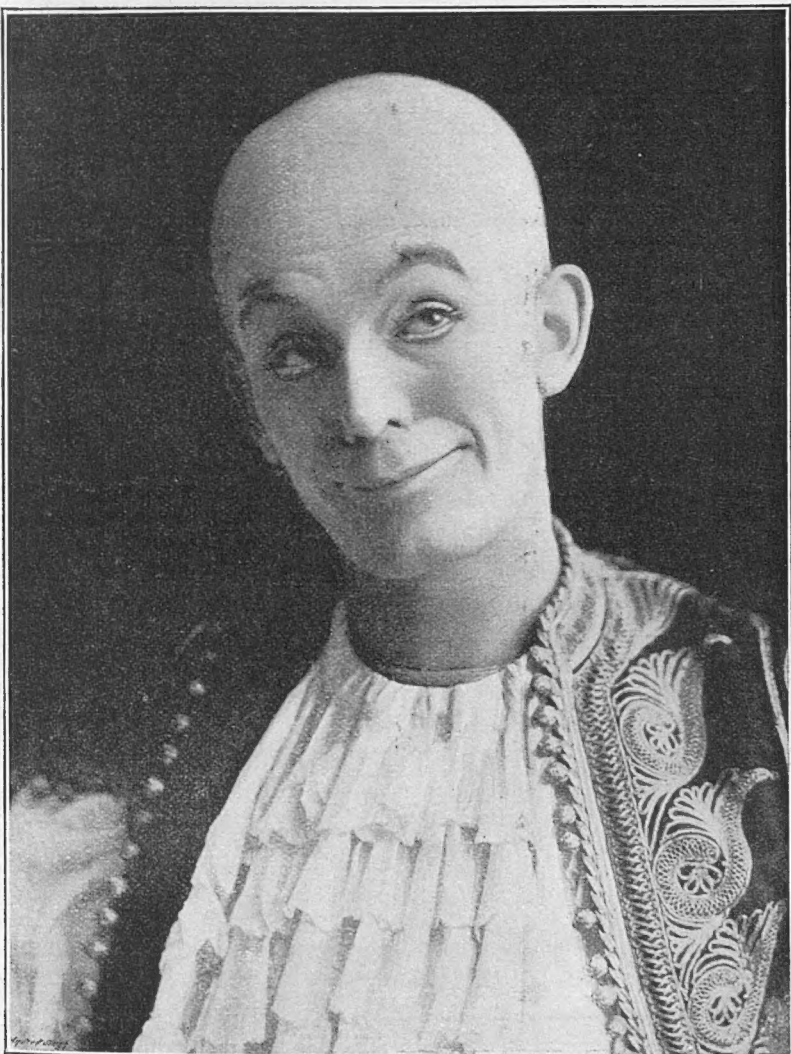
It would be tedious to detail Mr. Storey's numerous engagements in the past, from the time when he appeared as a boy in "Parents and Guardians" at the old Prince of Wales's, in Tottenham Court Road, and during the waits practised "splits" on the table, subversive of the ink-pot and of order, since when, it must suffice to say that in burlesque, comedy, and pantomime, in town, in the provinces, in America, and twice in Australia, with Arthur Roberts, Lonnen, Ashley, and Nelly Farren, and others too numerous to mention, under Harris, Edwardes, Farnie, Wilson Barrett, and a score of other managers, he has kept his houses always on the continual roar with his spider and drunken dances, his grotesque antics, his ready wit and unrehearsed liberties with authors' lines and madcap frolics with fellow-artists. But there is always method in the madness of his wild spirits. Incongruity in the artistic treatment of a part is abhorrent to him. Only recently, for example, he has curtailed his dances in "Don Quixote" at the Alhambra, as acrobatic feats seem to him to be ill-befitting Don Quixote's true temperament, though he admits that Gustave Doré did depict the knight as standing on his hands. Possibly, it would be well to give to an artiste of such individuality and originality freer scope; besides, his vast experience would be sure to guide him straight. The photos we give will remind our readers, and memory will serve to recall others of those marvellous personations of his, which are inseparable to the characters of Quasimodo, Abamezar, the Prince in "Cinderella," Don Cesar de Bazan, Daft Willie in "Enemies," Prince Rifentifen, Dr. Tyntax, Robinson Crusoe, and others.



AS THE DOCTOR IN "RUY BLAS, OR THE BLASÉ ROUÉ."



AS THE PRINCE IN "CINDER-ELLEN UP TOO LATE."



AS THE DOCTOR IN "RUY BLAS, OR THE BLASÉ ROUÉ."



AS PAGANINI IN "CINDER-ELLEN UP TOO LATE."

From Photographs by Messrs. Charlemont and Co., Sydney.

PICKANINNIES IN PANTOMIME.

A dancing child is always a delight, for the same simple reason that enabled Master Betty to earn £100 a night at Drury Lane Theatre a hundred years ago—namely, that it is “a beautiful effusion of natural sensibility.” And nowhere is the dancing child seen to greater advantage than in pantomime, when the spontaneous gaiety and graceful



MISS EMPSIE BOWMAN.

Photo by Meyers, New York.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, AT THE GAIETY THEATRE, DUBLIN.

play of the limbs natural to childhood have gained a new charm in all the delicate rhythm of movement which art alone can give. It is, therefore, not surprising that pickaninnies in pantomime are a source of pleasure to themselves and to those who see them. The laughter of the lucky children in the boxes and the stalls finds a merry echo on the stage, and probably not even that Napoleon of pantomime producers, Sir Augustus Harris, who marshals armies of stage children at Christmas time, ever heard one of his rank-and-file complain that she was tired. Stage carpenters' arms may ache, comedians may sigh that they are weary, weary, ere ever the curtain rises upon the glories of Boxing Night; even the principal boy—who is always a girl in the topsy-turvy physiology of stage-land—may think her £50 or so a week very hardly earned, and the leading lady may hanker after the masculine privilege of going on strike; but the little mites and fairies of the ballet dance and dance and dance again, with flying feet that never falter and waving arms that never weary, for their so-called work is but Nature itself in its happiest expression.

Not, of course, that dancing is the only phase of child-life in pantomime. The modern maid, still only within “measurable distance” of her teens, is often an accomplished actress. The past few years have been prolific in infant phenomena, not of the Ninetta Crummles type, and we have wondered at and admired the early talent of such charming children as Vera Beringer and Empsie Bowman, Cissy Loftus, and Evelyn Hughes, to instance but one or two whose names occur to one instinctively.

It is virtually certain that not one of these clever young people would allow for a moment that she had ever felt tired while pursuing her profession, although, of course, they feel their work in different degrees according to their differing temperaments. Miss Empsie Bowman, for example, has put it on record that she was not at all affected even by her grim part in “A Woman's Revenge,” when she had to appear as a witness in a murder case. “Why should I be? It's not real,” said the little actress philosophically. Miss Lily Bowman, on the contrary, when playing Editha to Lionel Brough's “burglar” at the Globe Theatre, invariably broke into real sobs and tears at one particular moment of the affecting little play, as also did the soft-hearted comedian. At last they were obliged to make a whimsical bargain with each other,

before the curtain went up, “Not to cry to-night.” But when the moment came Nature triumphed over Art, the tears *would* well up, and, as the child was caught up in the burglar's arms, she would stammer out at the wings, between laughing and sobbing, “I thought you p-p-promised you wouldn't er-er-ery to-night!”

Delightfully natural, too, was the answer of little Evelyn Hughes to the question once put to her in a drawing-room, after she had been entertaining a roomful of fashionable people with imitations of Chevalier and of some well-known dancers, “Which do you like best, singing or dancing?” “It's all the same. I like 'em both,” said the clever little girl, adding shrewdly, “No; it's no trouble. I'm always whisking about, so I might just as well do it before the people as not.”

These two clever girls, Empsie Bowman and Evelyn Hughes, of whom portraits are given, are the subjects of a curious coincidence this Christmas time, each of them playing the character of Red Riding Hood in a pantomime of that name—the one in Dublin, at the Gaiety Theatre, the other at Her Majesty's Theatre, Aberdeen. With characteristic Scotch energy, the Granite City puts its theatrical clock forward, and, while not quite emulating a custom of some theatres a hundred and fifty years ago by producing its pantomime in the summer, has already got its Christmas annual in full swing, and it is pleasant to know that not only is Miss Evelyn Hughes considered to play her part in dainty fashion, being perfect in her lines, wonderfully self-possessed, and looking as if she had stepped out of one of Miss Kate Greenaway's charming pictures, but also that the whole production is a pronounced success. It is evident that the cynic-poet who may some day write a “Dunciad” of to-day, even though he may cavil at the lack of “serious purpose” in pantomime, will not be inclined to complain with Pope of people going a score of times merely to see

A sable Sorcerer rise,
Swift to whose hand a winged volume flies:
All sudden, gorgons hiss and dragons glare,
And ten-horned fiends and giants rush to war,
Hell rises, heaven descends, and dance on earth,
Gods, imps and monsters, music, rage and mirth,
A fire, a jig, a battle and a ball,
Till one wild conflagration swallows all.
Thence a new world, to Nature's laws unknown,
Breaks out refulgent, with a heaven its own.

The pantomime of to-day is a far more elaborate and a far more artistic production, and makes considerable demands upon the acting abilities even of its pickaninny performers. I have no doubt that by the time these words are before the public Miss Empsie Bowman will have followed up her many successes in both serious and lighter dramatic productions by winning new laurels; as a charming Red Riding Hood, from a warm-hearted Irish audience, whose quick sympathies and artistic sensibility are sure to respond at once to her youthful grace and talent. It is not given to even the cleverest of child performers to rival the £100 a night paid to the “little Apollo” of Drury Lane a century ago; but better even than such coining of gold is the consideration that whether they are playing principal parts, or are only humble little imps or gnomes or fairies, footing it fealty to the merry music of the season, these pickaninnies in pantomime are getting both pleasure and profit out of their calling—an achievement not always found within the compass of more mature performers on the great stage of the Theatre of Life.

A. G.



Photo by Gabell, Ebury Street, S.W.

MISS EVELYN HUGHES.

LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD, AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, ABERDEEN.



FANCY DRESS: FLORA MACDONALD.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFRED ELLIS, UPPER BAKER STREET, N.W.

"PANTOMIME MANIA."

It is hard upon a Wednesday illustrated paper that Boxing Day should be on Tuesday, for everyone with any knowledge of journalism knows that an actual account of the pantomime is, therefore, impossible. The paper has gone to press and come out again before the beginning of the first of the squabbles in the Drury Lane gallery that on the first night render a great deal of the performance inaudible, even to the proud patrons of the pit. Consequently, I can only write from the rehearsals.

The first time one goes to a rehearsal—my first was, I dare not say how long ago—it is in a state of great excitement. One is going to see how it is done, to watch "the building of the ship," and hope springs, but not eternal, in the human breast that there will be something pleasingly improper in the undress costumes of the ballet. You begin by getting through a door almost as jealously guarded as the entrance to the great Mecca mosque that holds the Kaaba; then comes wandering down winding passages and dark staircases that make you regret the unfriendliness you showed to the agent of an American Insurance Office who called the other day; finally, you stumble on to the stage, and are startled to find that from it the house does not seem half so large as you believed it to be.

When I got there the "History of England in Twenty Minutes"—it can take two hours at rehearsal—was going on, bad luck to it! There was Mr. "Jimmy" Glover, the conductor, holding his *bâton*, and looking as if he had not shaved for a fortnight. "What! growing a beard?" "Not a bit," answered the genial musician; "no time to shave, or eat or drink or sleep: have written the music for this show, have had to look after the music at the Princess's, and write the music for the Newcastle pantomime—one, two, three." There is Sir Augustus on the stage and in the background the motley crew. Some have their gorgeous dresses complete, others are regal down to the waist and distinctly plebeian below, or superb in tights and mediæval boots, but every-day in the upper story. "One, two, three!" Sir Augustus stamps his foot and claps his hands, "Jimmy" beats his desk, the music begins, the motley crew moves, and every human being is as anxious as if the fate of Europe hung upon it to see whether they get to the given place at the given bar of music. Of course they do not. Back again, and over again, and over, over again till you long to shout "Chuck it up!" and are tempted to offer an unlimited amount of bad language for use against the performers if the managerial supply should run short; but Sir Augustus has a patience that seems inexhaustible.

Afterwards you can watch Sir Augustus teaching them all how to act. It is William the Conqueror Harris, King John Harris, Queen Bess Harris, Charles I.—not Charlie—Harris, Cromwell Harris, and so on; indeed, I believe, though I did not see it, that the illustrious knight has even shown how her Gracious Majesty sits on the Throne in the last tableau, and is able to crush murmurers by the weight of his personal experience at the British Court. The tableau, splendid enough to make a parrot blink, takes the place of the ante-harlequinade transformation scene, to which one is accustomed; but after Mr. Harry Payne has had his day there will be one of the gradual dreams of beauty that tradition demands. If you can afford to wait, you may see the wonderful wreck of Robinson Crusoe's ship, and watch the boat rock in a manner too realistic for my tender stomach; and you can go where the "land-lubbers (are) lying down below, below, below," and see the ballet of the molluscs and crustacea, in which the oysters dance on the light fantastic toe, while the whelks whirl round, the crabs pirouette, the lobsters indulge in *vols d'oiseau*, the shrimps try *entrechats*, and the "whole boilin'" becomes a kind of giddy *bouillabaisse* of marine monsters. Of course, there are the principals—the dashing Miss Ada Blanche, a real prince of pantomime boys, as Defoe's hero; the energetic Mr. Dan Leno, as the sprightly Mrs. Robinson Crusoe; the blandly bloodthirsty Mr. Herbert Campbell, as Bill Atkins; and the curious Mr. Little Tich, who represents Friday—into the bargain, Miss Marie Lloyd, whom I prefer on her native heath, the "alls," graceful Miss Emma D'Auban, and others who have earned fame and big salaries.

However, I must not omit the Lyceum, for rehearsals are not unknown there, though the Lennard-Barrett pantomime is on different lines to the Nicolls-Glover "Cinderella," and has a ground-plan of its own; more attention is paid to the book and the acting, and even touches of something like pathos will be found, and it has an interval in the middle for rest and drinks—a blessed innovation. One need not say much about the rehearsals, though they have their grim, wearisome humours, as at the Lane. The biggest scene will be the dressing-room of the heroine, and every lady in the land will be full of envy. Fancy having a set of gorgeous toilette appointments that will come to you at your call, and a Watteau fan decorated with real human beings! The principals start with the delightful Miss Ellaline Terriss as the Chinese-footed heroine. What a treat if in her dancing she will throw off the timid restraint that hampered her movements in "A Pantomime Rehearsal"! The thought brings to one's mind Miss Kate Vaughan in the part, and the way in which the "music of her body" fascinated us. There is Susie Vaughan, the finest Duenna on the English stage, and—but what is the use of mentioning other names, and awarding the praise that everyone still above ground is aware goes with them? For transformation scene there is a set of pictures, "From Shadow to Sunshine," and to illustrate them Beethoven's "Pastoral Symphony" is to be played. Between the rival pantomimes I offer no opinion; the one that has Wilhelm and Barrett appeals to art lovers, and the other to the rest of the world, and saying this is going as far towards an opinion as I dare.

NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

The Christmas season has begun for theatres and critics, and, in accordance with tradition, I seek out merits rather than faults in "The Piper of Hamelin," the first seasonable entertainment. After all, even if the professional fault-finders can discover food for grumbles in Mr. Buchanan's efforts at humour, they must admit that in handling his theme he has shown real skill. To bring back to life the children lured away by the Pied Piper without a pitiful anti-climax or "climb down" was a difficult task that the dramatist has accomplished with success, and the scene in which to save the poor babes the mayor's daughter offers to wed the uncanny musician and give up the true man whom she loves is touching and really dramatic. Moreover, the work presents many pretty pictures, for the old-world German costumes are full of grace and charm of colour, and Mr. Hann's first scene is beautiful. One may protest against the music, which, owing, perhaps, to the writer's over-anxiety to please the ears of children, rarely rises above a needlessly low level, but the fact remains that several numbers were received with great favour, though they made the critics writhe. Of our young actresses, few have such gifts as Miss Lena Ashwell, but at present she is rather too much of an uncut gem. Of her singing I will hardly speak: nervousness marred it, yet I do not think that, apart from this, she will ever succeed as a vocalist. In playing, she is too restless, too anxious to keep doing something—what a lot of harm Miss Ellen Terry's weakness in this direction has caused!—and she will pay too much attention to the unworthy folk on the other side of the footlights. However, in the bold green-and-blue dress she looks lovely, and there is in her a sweetness of speaking voice, an earnestness, and a charming person that makes one regret every unkind word. Mr. Leonard Russell was very satisfactory as the lover, and Mr. Frank Wyatt's performance showed that some day his Pied Piper will be fascinating. In the cast is a very clever child-artist, Miss Gladys Dorée, who acted and sang charmingly. The book of the words has some delightful illustrations by Mr. Hugh Thomson.

"Sandford and Merton" is a capital boy's piece, and one that will give laughter to some old fellows as well. One fancied that the comic old book would suggest a much more pertinent parody, but, even if Mr. Burnand's work is formless, it is thoroughly droll at times. The dialogue is not the best of the editor of *Punch*, and sometimes it grovels in search of a jest, while the gags of Mr. Brough bring it almost under ground, but it gives a clever company the chance of earning laughter, and the laughter comes. Mr. Edward Solomon has really done rather more than his share, for, except the song for the two girls, which was very badly sung, almost every bar had some merit of grace or wit in it. Mr. Lionel Brough is an almost ideal Mr. Barlow, and makes his hits with as little trouble as a Barnes off bad bowling. Mr. Leonard Russell forgets that in Mr. Buchanan's opera he is a serious and romantic person, and becomes a very comic creature as Sambo, and Mr. Clarence Hunt and E. M. Robson are funny as our old friends Master Harry and Master Tommy.

E. F.-S.

NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

The last concert prior to Christmas, which season brings a pause until January, took place on Monday evening, Dec. 18. There was not a very crowded audience, nor was the programme so interesting as that of the previous Saturday afternoon. Mr. Leonard Borwick's solo was Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor, and he was at his best, especially in the aria. Dvorák's Quartet in E flat and Brahms' Quartet in C minor did not excite much enthusiasm, though they were rendered in the most artistic manner by Lady Hallé, Messrs. Ries, Gibson, and Whitehouse. The vocalist was Madame Frances Saville, who sang also on Saturday. She has a clear soprano voice of good compass, but, apparently, is not quite familiar with Handel's music. She succeeded much better in songs by Schubert and Schumann.

Especially interesting was last Wednesday's concert in the Town Hall, Westminster, from the fact that Ferdinand Weist-Hill made his *début* in England with orchestra, after a brilliant course of study at Brussels Conservatoire. He chose Vieuxtemps' Fourth Violin Concerto, and gave a very admirable rendering of it, with all those wonderful streams of song which resemble the ceaseless motion of the currents beneath the surface of the sea. The orchestra, led by Mr. Frye Parker, did itself great credit in Professor Walter Macfarren's delightful manuscript overture to King Henry V., and the composer was compelled to acknowledge an enthusiastic reception. Madame Elène Eaton—who, I think, made her first appearance at the Sims Reeves' farewell concert in the Albert Hall—sang "O sleep, why dost thou leave me?" and gave a rather boisterous version of Gounod's "Ave Maria." Miss Llewella Davies did her best with a not very striking Fantasia for piano and orchestra, by Mr. H. J. Banister, and played a solo by Schumann in excellent taste. Mr. Arthur Oswald sang in his accustomed good style.

I note that with the New Year our oldest musical weekly, the *Musical Standard*, will be reduced to the popular penny in price. Portraits of famous singers and instrumentalists will be given, and an enlargement to seventy-two columns is promised.

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REHEARSING THE "FISH" BALLET (A FACT).

STAGE MANAGER : " What are you, boy ? "

Boy : " Please, Sir, I 'm a whelk. "

SOME PRINCIPAL GIRLS IN LONDON PANTOMIMES.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS LENA ASHWELL.

'LIZA IN "THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN," COMEDY THEATRE.



Photo by Karoly, Birmingham.

MISS GEORGINA PRESTON.

BO-PEEP IN "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK," GRAND THEATRE, ISLINGTON.



Photo by the London Stereoscopic Company, Regent Street, W.

MISS ELLALINE TERRISS.

CINDERELLA, AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE.



Photo by Messrs. Lorrayne and Co., Brighton.

MISS EMILY FOTHERGILL.

THE PRINCE IN "CINDERELLA," AT THE SURREY THEATRE.

SOME PRINCIPAL BOYS IN PROVINCIAL PANTOMIMES.



Photo by Messrs. Fry, Brighton.
MISS ADDIE CONYERS.
ROBIN HOOD, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER.



Photo by L. Urbinsky, Norwich.
MISS ROSIE ST. GEORGE.
BOY BLUE IN "LITTLE BO-PEEP," LYCEUM THEATRE, EDINBURGH.



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.
MISS MAUD BOYD.
PRINCE CHARMING IN "LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD," GAIETY THEATRE, DUBLIN.



Photo by Lafayette, Dublin.
MISS HARRIET VERNON.
BOY BLUE IN "LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD," GRAND THEATRE, LEEDS.

THE DRURY LANE ROBINSON CRUSOE.

A merry, laughing, piquant face, hair a blonde, and a delightfully active little figure tell you at once (writes a *Sketch* representative) the cause of the popularity of Miss Ada Blanche, first of pantomime "boys" and "girls."

When I saw her the other day at her home in Clapham—of all places in the world—she dashed into her pretty drawing-room, full of



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS ADA BLANCHE.

excitement, and full of her engagement for the forthcoming Christmas pantomime at Drury Lane.

"Do you know," she said rapidly, "I've got an excellent part in 'Robinson Crusoe'! Sir Augustus Harris is a real dear. I'm to play Robinson. Everybody says the show will beat anything that has ever been done in the same line. It is now some little time since I had a boy's part, but of that no matter," she went on dramatically. "I am sure to be wanted to sing 'Marguerite,' and to sing that I shall have to appear in skirts for a few minutes."

"Which do you like best, Miss Blanche, skirts, or — or — no skirts?" I asked.

She laughed. Then she replied, "Well, I think I prefer skirts."

I coughed.

"But," she continued, "it is now some time since I sang anything as a boy. You see, 'Marguerite' has been so popular during the time I have been in 'A Pal o' Archie's' at the Palace that I have really not found it necessary to get up anything else."



Photo by J. Bacon, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

AS LITTLE JACK SHEPPARD.

"By-the-way, when did you combine the theatre with the halls?" I inquired.

"In November last, I think. I like the halls very well, but much prefer the burlesque stage. You see, if you have only a couple of turns in a hall, you have no chance of pleasing an audience if they don't like your song: fortunately, that has never occurred to me. In the theatre, on the other hand, a burlesque gives you plenty of scope for showing you are capable of good all-round work."

"In 'A Pal o' Archie's,' for instance?"

"Yes; in that I was very successful. In fact, although I was only engaged for a short period, my engagement ran to seven months—an exceptionally long run."

"Do you find any difference between the audiences at a theatre and a music-hall?"

"Rather! What will take at a theatre won't go down, very often, at the halls. Then there's another curious thing. You would be surprised how the audiences at the halls differ. Nearly everybody who has appeared at the Palace says that the audiences there are as cold and undemonstrative as you could find. Well, it often happens that a song will take there and not at the Canterbury, or the Royal, or the Tivoli, while one which is a success at these latter halls won't suit the Palace audience."

"Let me see, Miss Blanche, hasn't the whole of your work been in pantomime and burlesque?"

"If I remember right, my appearance on the stage was in the children's pantomime, 'Little Goody Two Shoes,' at the Adelphi, then under the management of Mr. Chatterton. I was then a very little child."

In this pantomime I sang the 'Bay of Biscay,' and also a song, 'The Little German Girl,' written and composed by my mother, in which I made a hit. In the next year I sang the same and other songs at Drury Lane, and very soon after that I was at one time 'principal boy' and at another 'principal girl' in different pantomimes."

"Wasn't it soon after this that you took to the drama?"

"Yes. I joined Mr. Dion Boucicault, and played the lead throughout the country. We had a funny accident in Dublin. Mr. Boucicault had a benefit performance, and Mr. Shiel Barry came down to play Danny Mann to my Eily in 'The Colleen Bawn.' Unfortunately for us, the carpenters had fixed a rock on the trap where I had to fall in the water and sink. I went into the water all right, and Barry followed me, but we couldn't sink. We did our best, but the rock on the trap wouldn't move. Then, to crown all, when I did go down I couldn't come up again, and the curtain had to fall. Danny Mann had to explain to the excited Irish audience that, owing to circumstances entirely unforeseen, it would be impossible for him to rescue me until the following evening."

"And what followed this?"

"Pantomime, pantomime, pantomime. In fact, I played in so many that I quite forget their names; but in one, 'Robinson Crusoe,' we were going through the last rehearsal, and were all leaving Hull on the ship, when, by some accident, the vessel smashed up into little bits, and we fell in various positions on the stage. The accident would have ruined the pantomime had it happened on the following opening night."

"How did you like the various Gaiety burlesques in which we used to see you?"

"Very much indeed. I had several seasons in 'Jack Sheppard,' 'Joan of Arc,' and 'Ruy Blas.' Then came last year's 'Boy Blue' pantomime at Drury Lane, when the big cast prevented any of us from being any length of time on the stage. But I hope to make up for that this Christmas."

"You don't seem to get much rest."

"No, and this year especially has been an exceptionally busy year. Why, I've hardly had a holiday at all, and expect soon to be working and rehearsing ten and twelve hours a day. Don't think our life is a bed of roses."

"Certainly not," I answered, as Miss Blanche told me to take the first turning to the left, the next to the right, and the next again to the left to discover, Robinson Crusoe-like, the road to London town.



Photo by A. Cox and Co., Nottingham.

IN "RUY BLAS."

PANTOMIME: MASKS AND PROPERTIES.

The other day I was talking to someone who in his time has played a big part in pantomime—a somewhat curious part, too. Do you remember the pantomime of "Ali Baba," which came out in 1866-67 at Covent Garden? The gentleman to whom I am referring is Mr. Alcroft, who, in his daisy days, played the fore-legs of the donkey, and was under



"ME-E-OW" À LA HOLZ.

the charge of the well-known W. H. Payne. He afterwards distinguished himself as the goat in "Robinson Crusoe," and again as the fore-legs of the steel dog in the famous "Yellow Dwarf." The latter was a remarkable piece of property work in pantomime, for the dog, played by two boys, was suddenly cut in half, the fore half going one way, and the hind-quarters the other.

But undoubtedly the donkey in "Ali Baba" was the very best property "Jerusalem pony" that ever appeared on the boards. I think I see him now, marching round

the stage to the orders of Ali Baba. He moved strictly to the word of command. He had "practicable" eyelids, eyes, tongue, mouth, and ears, so it is not surprising that he could answer the word of command. The eyes and ears were worked by Mr. Alcroft by wooden balls strung on the end of short pieces of string. It was wonderful how that donkey manœuvred to the order "Quick march!" and "Right wheel!" At "Shoulder arms!" his tail stood bolt upright, which always, by-the-way, managed to bring down the house. The manufacture of such a donkey may be fairly looked upon as quite a bit of property-room science. The working of the donkey was a fine art in itself. Mr. Alcroft, of Drury Lane, has in his possession a medal with a donkey on it in relief, bearing the inscription: "Presented by W. H. Payne, Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, to Master William Alcroft, in memory of his donkey at the performance of 'Ali Baba,' 1866-67."

Chatting about this put me in mind of the subject of properties in pantomime pure and simple. On these Sir Augustus Harris spends more than any other manager. A donkey, say, like that in "Ali Baba," could be had at Holz's for £3 10s., and a very good working donkey, too. A giraffe might run, possibly, to £7; a duck, feathers and all (a genuine canvas-back, though the canvas be hidden), is offered at £5. As to bears, they are not very expensive animals to procure, consisting really of only a mask and dress. The same, too, might be said of a cow, whose marketable value might be reckoned at £1 5s. Frogs, to hold a boy, of course, and made of painted canvas, are sold as low as a guinea.



GLADSTONE À LA HOLZ.

In the property-room the intelligence of the men at work is well worth noticing, yet a good workman or artisan only earns about six shillings for a day of eight hours. To make an ordinary mask requires some skill. First of all, the design is given as a fairly finished sketch; the face is modelled in clay, a cast from which is taken in plaster of Paris. From this another cast is made in papier-maché, first dressed in distemper, next painted in oil colours, and, lastly, tinted, touched up, and quite finished. The expression shown on many of the masks is really wonderfully carried out.

Now to an economical view of the subject. The property trade is directly subject to foreign competition. An immense number of masks have of late years been brought over from the Viennese factories, which are sold at certainly a very low price, and do very good service—at any rate, in the provinces. They are remarkably light, though whether that is so much an advantage is somewhat dubious; still, my friend Mr. Holz holds to the contrary, and says that a mask does not want so much knocking about. But, then, you see, he was brought up and served a long apprenticeship in the Opera House at Vienna. Ha! but in the Austrian capital spectacular ballets are always going on; there is continuous employment in the property-room. Well, Mr. Holz certainly treated us to a novelty this year with the curious transparent masks lit

up by electric light. The worst part of the transparent electric mask is the great heat caused by the light inside, only a boy with a small head being able to stand it comfortably.

Well, going back to the Drury Lane property-room, the work is certainly interesting and artistic. The practicable oyster, standing 4 ft. in height, with a boy inside instead of a pearl, would certainly pass muster even at fastidious Vienna. The bottles, too, are wonderfully well done. Properties are thickened by sticking on the pieces of paper in alternate black and white, so as to clearly keep in mind where the last thickness was given. Minor properties, such as plates of fruit, are really so well done that even at the distance of a few feet one might be deceived as to their unreality. For the most expensive properties the original designs are tastefully executed. The study for the lobster that I saw on Mr. Collins's desk would not have disgraced a picture of Dutch still life. As to the hygiene of property-wearing, of course, one of the most difficult things to contend with is the heat, owing to the lack of ventilation. Even when air-holes have been made under the arms, wings, or legs, the matter is very little bettered. When Mr. Alcroft played the fore-legs of the "Ali Baba" donkey, during the few rests that he had, when, like a second Jonah, he was shot out of the creature's inside, he had the perspiration pouring from him, and used to be wrapped up in a hot blanket and treated to a glass of hot brandy-and-water.

A. T. P.

PANTOMIME IN THE PROVINCES.

This Christmas, as usual, a large number of popular performers, theatrical and music-hall, have obtained important pantomime engagements at provincial houses. At the Grand, Leeds, Miss Mabel Love will be Red Riding Hood, and Miss Harriet Vernon Boy Blue; pretty Miss Vesta Victoria is principal girl at the Alexandra, Sheffield, and little Miss Empsie Bowman, from the Adelphi, and her elder sister, Isa, are in the company at the Gaiety, Dublin. Miss Addie Conyers, fresh from her Antipodean successes, is principal boy at the Manchester Royal, and there, too, will be found Mr. Harry Pleon. Master Harry Rignold, not long ago the page-boy in "Jane Annie," plays clown in a juvenile harlequinade at a Glasgow house; and at the Royal, in the same city, Mr. Lionel Rignold, Miss Amy Augarde (the Mdlle. Lange of the recent "Madame Angot" revival at the Criterion), and Mr. Horace Mills (the Lord Arthur Pomeroy of the provinces) have leading rôles in a pantomime by Wilton Jones. The "In Town" companies are well enough represented, for Mr. W. Louis Bradfield, a clever Captain Coddington, is engaged at his native town of Nottingham; George Honey, the younger, a chip of the old block, is at Leeds, and dainty Miss Belle Harcourt is Cinderella at the Shakspeare. This list might be extended almost *ad libitum*; but instances enough have already been adduced.



A LEG MANIAC—MR. WILLIE WARD.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.



"It's a fairy ring," said the Princess.

Her old nurse shook her head. "Fairies don't give rings to mortals now," she said.

"Yes, they do. It belonged to my mother, and she told me that if you blew on it, or pressed it—or—did something like that, the fairies appeared."

"I should just like to see them," grumbled the old woman as she hobbled out of the room.

The Princess Violet looked at the ring. She held it up to the palace windows, and the opals sparkled in the sunlight. "I wonder if I dare?" she whispered, and hesitated.

Down below in the garden among the roses walked her father, the King, followed by a train of courtiers. He had just married a new wife, and the Princess did not love her stepmother. She was a timid girl, and had been easily led to affiancé herself to her cousin, a handsome young Prince, who would one day come to the throne. They had played together as children, and she was fond of him to a certain extent, although it was said the Prince worshipped the most beautiful of all the court ladies, the stately Duchess, and his marriage, like most royal weddings, would hardly be one of inclination.

The Princess saw her, too, among the roses, saw the Prince at her side, and pouted. She saw her stepmother, fair, and decked in the late Queen's jewels, and she felt discontented and miserable.

After all, a Princess may be unhappy, and in Violet's eyes were two diamonds like the dewdrops on her purple namesakes in the cool morning.

She held the ring to her lips, and blew gently. Then she paused, a little frightened, and looked round. No result. She repeated the action, and was again disappointed. Then, with the tip of one of her pink fingers, she pressed first one many-coloured stone, and then another—all to no purpose, till she was ready to cry with vexation.

"Stupid thing!" she exclaimed. "It's of no use trying any more. I don't believe it's a fairy ring, and I don't believe there are any fairies at all. It is most tiresome."

She slipped it on to her hand, and leant idly against the window-sill, watching the party below. As she did so, she twisted the ring round and round on her finger, when suddenly she felt a queer sensation, and it burnt her. She glanced down, and every stone was blazing as if it was on fire; she looked round, and in a corner of the room there was a bright light, which gradually took form, and grew into a graceful girl about her own age, before her astonished gaze. She had dark hair and eyes, and a dainty little figure; she was dressed in a gauzy costume of autumnal colours, and in her black hair she wore a wreath of red berries and golden leaves. In her hand she carried a long branch of oak, gay with acorns. When she spoke her voice resembled the sound of the wind as it rustles among the leaves in September.

"So there are no fairies, Princess?" she said. "And yet I am here, ready to grant any wish to the owner of that ring. The Queen, your mother, used it often."

"How delightful!" exclaimed Violet. "Can you take me away from here?"

"If you want to go."

"Where do you live?" asked the Princess.

"In the depths of the forest. Have you never heard of the wood-nymphs?"

"Yes; but I never believed."

"Oh! it is so easy not to believe," said the Fairy, with contempt. "It is the excuse of age for laughing at the wisdom of youth. As for me, I laugh and am gay, and keep a child's heart always. You should pay a visit to the Forest King, my father."

"But they would miss me here."

"Suppose," said the Fairy, with a naughty twinkle in her merry eyes, "I stayed in your place?"

"Oh, do!" cried Violet. "That will be delightful! How soon may I go?"

"At once. Only you must tell me something about your life here."

"Oh, don't wait for that! I am all impatience to go."

The Fairy examined the Princess.

"We are quite like enough," she said; "and I can manage to make everyone a little blind for a few days, so that they won't notice. Now wish yourself in the forest in the kingdom of the King, my father. Away!"

She waved her wand, and in a second Violet had vanished.

The Fairy burst out laughing.

"This is most amusing," she cried.

She ran to the mirror and pulled off her red wreath. She took one of Violet's dresses out of a wardrobe and put it on. She hid her wand. Then she shook her curls, clapped her hands with delight, and ran out of the room.

On the staircase she met her supposed stepmother.

"Oh, Violet," said the Queen, "you had better go at once—at once—do you hear?—into the garden. The Prince is there, and—why, what is the matter with you? How brown your skin looks!"

The Fairy waved her hand in the air.

"It must be my sight," said the Queen. "I can hardly see you. Now run away."

"Don't order me about," cried the Fairy, who hadn't an idea who the Queen could be.

"What!" almost screamed the other.

But the Fairy was gone. She ran downstairs through the marble courtyard and out into the garden. The King, seeing her, sent a courtier to command her to join him.

"Will her Royal Highness be pleased to go to the King," said the Lord-in-Waiting. "How strange, your Royal Highness—you have changed—you—oh! the sunshine has blinded me. It is really quite peculiar."

The Fairy went up to the King. She knew him by the way those round him bowed and smirked whenever he spoke, as is the habit of courtiers all over the world.

"Violet," said his Majesty, "Violet, what has happened to you?"

"Your Majesty is, perhaps, a little blind."

"Dear me! I really think I am. Is anyone else affected by the sun?"

They all said they were, and the Fairy smiled.

"Still, your Majesty," said the Duchess, "I do think that her Royal Highness is somehow different."

"Certainly not," cried the King. "She is all right. How dare you interfere, Violet?"

"Sibyl," said the Fairy.

"What do you say?"

"It is a prettier name. I should prefer to be called Sibyl."

"She must be mad," whispered the Duchess to the Prince.

"Not at all," thundered the King, who, unluckily, overheard. "She shall be called what she pleases. Prince Rupert, take your cousin's hand. Now we can all continue our stroll."

The Duchess was near tears, the Prince moved close to the Fairy, and tried to think of some pretty speech with which to address her.

He was very handsome, and tall and graceful. His eyes were blue, his hair golden, and his manners as they should be—princely. But he was ill-at-ease with his cousin as a rule; her timidity made him shy.

"May I gather you some roses?" he asked.

"No. Don't pull the pretty things; it hurts them."

"How do you know?"

"There is a tiny fairy baby in each rose. Oh! don't stare like that."

"Surely, Violet—"

"Sibyl."

"I beg your pardon. But surely you don't believe in fairies?"

"Why do you stare in that direction?"

"Oh, I—I don't know."

"You were looking at that woman."

"At the Duchess. May I not look at any of the Court ladies?"

"Why, yes. Do go and talk to her. I don't want you. One would think the King wished you to marry me."

"But he does."

"Rubbish. I'm not going to waste myself on you. Do run away."

"But, Vi—Sibyl, I mean—how did you discover that I loved the Duchess?"

"You made such a stupid of yourself, staring at her."

"And you are not vexed?"

The Fairy opened her eyes wide, and then burst out laughing.

"You are not bad-looking, but you are stupid," she announced.

"Now, do go."

The Prince grew very red, but, in spite of her rude speech, he seemed reluctant to leave. There was a curious attraction in her piquant little face, in her red, parted lips, and merry eyes. He forgot the Duchess.

"How pretty you look to-day!" he said.

"Oh! are you still there?"

"Sibyl, you are adorable!"

"You silly boy!"

"Let me stay."

"My dear child," he said, "this is a most extraordinary thing. I have been feeling half-blind this afternoon, and now the Duchess is dumb." He turned, and saw his wife approaching. "You really must scold Violet—Sibyl, as she prefers to be called, my dear. She has teased the poor Duchess until she is dumb with horror."

The Queen was a nobody, and had a bad temper. Her husband had not married her for her rank.

"Why, you naughty child!" she cried. "Just tell me, Sir, all she has done."

The Fairy ran to her side.

"You sha'n't listen to him—you sha'n't hear him!" she cried.

There was a pause. The King spoke, the Prince joined his voice to



She repeated the action, and was again disappointed.

"You can please yourself."

There was a pause. The Prince was puzzled. He had never admired his cousin before. For the rest of the afternoon he followed her from place to place. She was capricious and easily annoyed, but she was perfectly charming. The Duchess alone was put out, and approached the Fairy.

"Your Royal Highness has forgotten your jewels," she said.

"I am not quite so dependent on them as you are," answered the Fairy.

"Why, I was your governess-in-chief when you were a little girl. How dare you?"

"Be silent," the Fairy cried.

The Duchess tried to answer. She screwed her mouth to this side and that; she struggled; she wept; but, to the amusement and yet the horror of half the Court, she was dumb.

They were all uneasy, even the King himself.

his Majesty's, the courtiers shouted in chorus, but the Queen heard never a word.

There was a terrible silence, and then the King, the Queen, the Duchess, and all the rest of them took to their heels. The Prince alone remained.

"Oh! Sibyl," he cried, "where did you learn to be so cruel? And how could you hurt them all? And yet I love you—and yet I love you, my dear."

The Fairy tossed her head.

"You are tiresome with your love. Good-bye. We shall meet later."

"At the ball to-night?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose so—at the ball to-night."

The King sat in his chamber, with his head on his hand. There were preparations for a festivity downstairs, but he had no heart for it. The

Duchess aided the weeping Queen to dress, and the naughty Princess, the cause of all the misery, peeped in at the door.

"Do you like my dress?" she asked.

The King couldn't see it, the Queen didn't hear, and the Duchess couldn't speak.

The Fairy was horrified.

"Hear me!" she yelled to the Queen; "Look!" she cried to the King, and "Speak!" she said to the Duchess.

They all spoke at once. They all leaped to their feet and embraced her. Only the Duchess hung back. She knew that the Prince loved her no more.

"Why, it was magic!" cried the King.

"Where did you learn it?" asked the Queen.

"It really is tiresome," the Fairy said. "All my wishes come true."

Then the ball began. The Prince danced with the Princess, and his eyes never left her face. Between the dances he led her out on the terrace, where the moon shone and was reflected in the lake.

"You made me blind!" cried the King.

"You made me deaf!" said the Queen.

"And me dumb!" hissed the Duchess.

"And you made me," sneered the Prince bitterly, "love you. You have no heart to give me."

"You had better go," the King commanded, "or I will have you imprisoned."

"Or I will have you beaten," shouted the Queen.

"Or—" The Duchess got no further; she choked with rage.

"Or I—I'll kiss you," threatened the Prince. It was a lame conclusion—a terrible threat. The Fairy's small white face changed.

"Good-bye, Violet," she cried. "And now to all farewell."

As they looked a queer mist rose from the lake, and formed itself into a cloud. It floated towards them, and the Fairy stepped on to it. Her ball-dress fell from her, and she was seen in the gauzy autumnal drapery, with the oak wand, and the red berries in her hair.

"I will take one thing away with me," she cried, "only one thing—the Prince's punishment."

She was already above them. He sprang towards her. She leant over the cloud, and wound her arms round his neck. As their lips met, he sprang beside her with a glad cry, and the world saw them in each other's arms, floating always towards the forest trees, and then saw them no more.

VOICES FROM THE PIT.

There are those who assert that the front row in the pit is the best place in the house. This encomium may, perhaps, be endorsed with two reservations—first, the difficulty of getting there, and, secondly, the fact that some theatres—for instance, the Haymarket—have no pit, properly speaking. It is, indeed, a fierce and peculiar joy that attends the efforts of the playgoer whose available pleasure-money is limited to the mystic half-crown. He will have to stand long hours in the street before the doors open, for have not twenty or thirty people often been seen pressing against the Lyceum pit-door more than two hours before they can get in? Yet the weary waiting may be enlivened by some quaint remark. A cheerful, buxom dame will keep up the spirits of her party by saying, "Twenty-five minutes; that's not much between three, is it?" Or some wag assumes the tone of a 'bus driver, and metallicly shouts, "Igh'r up!" much to the detriment of those in front, who find the door rather hard to be pushed against. When the time for entry comes many may sigh for the training of a Rugby football player, except at those houses where an orderly queue is organised. Nor is the race always to the strong. That man may count himself lucky who is not obliged at the very threshold—thereby losing all chance of a seat—to conduct a strange lady backwards through the crowd, protest he never so earnestly that it is at that moment much easier to get in than out. On these occasions it is always the lady with the sharpest and most active elbows who objects most to the crush. Once inside, the flood-gates of pit criticism, reminiscence, and sarcasm are opened. The withering sarcasm, "'E wants a 'ole box to hisself, he do," is hurled at some wretched male blessed with broad shoulders. From one side comes the assertion, "I don't like Irving! Why, he had the whole stage to himself for about a quarter of an hour the other day, when I saw him, and he only said two words"; from another, "You know, I don't care about a comic play; I like something solid; as for all that love stuff, I'm not taking any."

The latter remark betrays a rather uncommon state of mind. Much more usual is the spirit which spoke from two old ladies, full of past memories and present emptiness of heart, during the interval between a little *lever de rideau* and the chief piece. They said in almost breathless ecstasy, "It was all courtin', wasn't it?" Again, an enamoured swain may be heard whispering to the lady of his choice, whose beauty is of the brilliant red-and-black order, "Have you ever seen Mrs. Langtry?" "Yes, but—well, she's not my style; I don't like her." "Ah, then, I expect I sha'n't care for her, either." "Ga on!" Then there is the barmaid, who in a weak moment has consented to be taken to see a play. She wearily groans, "I went to a 'hall' last night; now, I enjoyed that. I tell you, sitting looking at a theatre just does give me the hump." The manners and customs of piffites in connection with nuts and oranges are well known. Some originality, however, is shown by the youth who takes out his pocket-knife, opens a blade, sticks it into the barrier between him and the stalls, and uses it as a hat-peg, taking his hat off it and shutting the knife half down when he wants to stand up between the acts. At the end of a performance someone is always dissatisfied, and a smart "young person" probably will be caught commenting on a play which has kept all the house continually convulsed with laughter. "Well, that is a silly piece. Waste of money, I call it." To which her friend, "Yes; I like a good, sensible piece, now; something you can laugh at." J. P.



The world saw them in each other's arms, floating always towards the forest trees, and then saw them no more.

"I love you," repeated the Prince.

And the Princess began to believe it.

"Can you care for me at all?"

"I will try," she said, in a low voice.

"Is it so difficult?" he began, watching her, bent head and the drooping eyelids, and then the Fairy, puzzled at her own feeling, and, trembling, lifted her face.

He caught her in his arms, and had just bent his handsome head to kiss her, when—behold! his real cousin stood before him.

"Why, a whole year has passed in Fairyland!" she cried. "Fairy, I want to come back."

Sibyl moved away from the Prince. She was very white, and he was flushed and indignant.

"A fairy!" he said. "Then you are not human. You have no heart, and you cannot love!"

The Duchess stole up behind him.

"I love you," she said; "I love you as no one else loves you."

The Princess laughed.

"Why, how strange you all are!" she cried. "Didn't you find out it was a fairy? How nice it is to be home again!"

The guests came crowding out of the ball-room, and they well abused the impostor, as they called the Fairy.



"JUST ONE!"

THE ART OF THE DAY.



PARTED.—J. HAYNES-WILLIAMS.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

Charles Dickens, "who sent a ring of merry laughter round the world," is the author of the story which forms the attraction of "Pears' Annual." I should not wonder if to many readers "The Battle of Life" came as a new narrative by the great novelist. It has not hitherto obtained the popularity it deserves. It contains many of his most characteristic touches, and some very charming sentiments which, at this season of the year, like so many of Charles Dickens's words, will find an echo in many a heart. Mr. Charles Green, R.I., who has before shown such artistic sympathy with the prose of Dickens, has excelled previously happy efforts in illustrating "The Battle of Life." Every sketch is not only "sufficient," but is an excellent example of what illustration work, at its best, may be. There is no doubt that Messrs. Pears are accustoming their public to better Christmas numbers each year. This one contains, also, three fine coloured plates of large size, and is a wonderful return for one shilling.

Other numbers, with excellencies as varied as their contents, are the *Salon*, which has some good engravings; *Life*, which has royal and aristocratic contributors galore; the *Bookman*, which contains a great deal of interesting literary matter, many pithy reviews, and several illustrations; *Great Thoughts*, whose presentation pictures are rather German in style; *Funny Folks*, which relies mainly upon its numerous amusing sketches for the popularity it so well deserves; and the *Fishing Gazette*, which has a most handsome almanack.

Vanity Fair Album, which is the twenty-fifth of a wonderful series of volumes, contains the usual interesting assortment of portraits of public men. For most of these life-like pictures the redoubtable "Spy" is responsible, but "Stuff" has done two or three in excellent style, despite his new duties as a magistrate.

We very recently referred to the formation of the Society for Checking the Abuses of Public Advertising, and we then noticed with satisfaction the beginnings and the ambitions of that society. It has now advanced from refreshing theory into still more refreshing practice, and has issued the first number of a journal intended to further the aims of the society, entitled *A Beautiful World*. As was natural, Mr. Alfred Austin comes forward with an interesting sonnet, which does not, however, afford scope, by reason of its subject, for anything highly poetical. Nevertheless, Mr. Austin is vigorous in his abuse of every "unclean huckster" who "may profane Heaven's sylvan shrines" with sacrilegious greed. The council also declares its intention "to sweep the painted boards from the meadows, to unfasten the enamelled plates from the gables, to reduce the chaos of the railway stations to some sort of order, and to keep hoardings within rational limits of time and space." We do not quite see how hoardings are to be kept within rational limits of time, but if the society does all the rest it will merit the thanks of every lover of beauty.



A BIT OF FUN.—JOSEPH CLARK.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.



TWO LITTLE COOKS.—EDITH M. CANNON.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

"Palette" writes from Paris: "One of the studios of the well-known Académie Julian was transformed on Saturday, the 16th, as the ladies who work so busily there week after week decided to change the routine, banish easels and aprons, hide away their palettes and brushes, and forget for a few merry hours the canvases which, alas, too often cause so many sighs. No one who, the day before, had seen the anxious faces which awaited their Professor's verdict on the week's work would have recognised as the same the bright eyes and smiling lips which welcomed these distinguished artists as their honoured guests, for Messieurs Bouguereau and Ferrier did not think the *fête* unworthy of their patronage, and a very great lady who graced the evening with her presence, thereby showing her sympathy with and belief in the artistic capabilities of woman, was pleased to applaud the *tableaux-vivants*, which were the feature of the evening's entertainment. These *tableaux* characteristically represented the various nations of which the studio is composed, since Paris is the art centre to which the most distant lands

"Very few people recognise," said a recent writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "that a bank-note is a beautiful work of art." Well, perhaps beautiful is a strong word to use in connection with the mere appearance of a bank-note, although one recognises that it has a beautiful function to perform in life; nevertheless, the note itself has some artistic merits. The figure of Britannia in the left-hand top corner, for example, was designed with much care by Maclise; the care has resulted in a certain stiffness of effect, perhaps, very unlike the happy kind of effect which Maclise often achieved in the postscripts to his letters, which not seldom took the form of a rapid pen-and-ink drawing. There is, however, a dignity about the pose and about the classic features which is by no means to be scorned. The original vignette is still in the possession of the directors.

In the production of bank-notes and cheques steel-engraving has probably retired to its last stronghold, from which the conservative sense



PORTRAITS.—A. E. DINET.
EXHIBITED AT THE PARIS SALON.

are attracted, for here the greatest artists generously give not only their valuable time but take a genuine interest in those who otherwise would not know how to develop their talent.

"The first tableau represented 'La France,' and was a charming group, the central figure of which was an undeniably brilliant Parisienne. The second, 'America,' took for its representative figure 'Liberty,' the striking statue known so well to all who have crossed the Atlantic. The third, 'England,' chose the reverse side of a penny as her model, and lying at the feet of the lovely maiden who took the part of Britannia was a dark-eyed child, clothed in the rich colours for which India is so well known. Then came a *tableau générale* composed of these three and the other nations represented in the studio, all in their national dress and clustered round a graceful figure in white, 'Académie Julian,' who held aloft laurel wreaths, ready to crown any who should reach a distinguished position in art. This brilliant *finale* brought down many compliments from the guests, and rounds of applause for the popular *massière*, Mdlle. Roszman, to whose artistic taste the whole was due."

of English business customs is not likely to eject it. The method of engraving these precious documents need not concern us very nearly here, where result is rather matter for comment than the method of its production. But the method of producing the water-mark, the arrangement of the lettering, and the whole procedure of printing are matters of great special interest.

What form the memorial to Gounod is likely to take appears to be still on the knees of the gods; but, having an eye to French tendencies, we may wager that it will be a statue group. Gounod we may expect to see, modern, clean, and faultless in frock coat, towering in more than life-size over the romantic creations of his musical pen, Faust, Mefistofele, Juliet, Romeo, Baucis, Jupiter, with piled-up books at his feet, the scores that represent his life-work, "Mors et Vita," "The Redemption," and the rest. At least £4000 will be in the hands of the committee for the purpose of building as elaborate a memorial as the heart of the average man could desire, and elaborate, if we know our France, it is likely to be. We should prefer a simple statue such as has been set up in memory of Berlioz, yet greater even than Gounod.





HOW PANTOMIME COSTUMES ARE DESIGNED.

HALF AN HOUR WITH SIGNOR ÉDEL.

In these days of depression in trade, and when we are always hearing of the gloominess of the financial outlook, it is refreshing to meet with an artist who is always busier than he wants to be, and to whom the word holiday is an almost unknown quantity. Such a man is Signor Édel, the talented designer of the costumes of probably half the operas and ballets which have been produced in Europe during the past ten years. How true the saying is that one half of the world does not know how the other half lives I realised almost before our interesting conversation had commenced.

When a man, in order to keep pace with his work, has to run two studios, one in London and the other in Paris, it is a somewhat striking proof of his prosperity in the particular branch of his art, and a visit to Signor Édel is little less than an artistic treat, for he is a sybarite to the very backbone, and loves to surround himself with all that is beautiful and luxurious, and as his great and special talent brings him in

Signor Édel. You can smoke with him and chat with him to your heart's content, but if you try to get him to talk about his work he "dries up" at once, and goes back into his shell. He winced



somewhat when he learnt the actual reason of my matutinal visit, and tried to turn me from my purpose by means of whisky-and-soda and cigarettes; but I was not to be baulked, and gradually,



but firmly, extracted from him the information that he was, to begin at the beginning, born at Colorno, a little town near Parma, in 1860, and that his father was not a professional artist, though a very



SIGNOR ÉDEL.—SKETCHED BY JULIUS M. PRICE.

a handsome income—and he is, likewise, one of the order of free and independent bachelors—he is able to pander to his tastes to his heart's content, with the result that his studio, or rather chambers, in Langham Place are a veritable sanctum of art treasures, and are positively unique in their way; in fact, it would probably be no exaggeration to say that there is not another such retreat in the whole of the Metropolis. The general effect is, naturally, Italian, but there is so little *parti pris* about the beautiful silk hangings, the plush-covered walls, the quaintly carved furniture, the veritable armoury in miniature, and the subtle arrangement of electric light everywhere that it matters not what style of decoration was aimed at. Every nook and corner has evidently been carefully studied with regard to effect, and nothing is left to chance. The result is a harmonious *coup d'œil* which is very charmingly original. The solitary easel, I may say, seemed almost out of place in this unique atelier.

A tall, thin young man, with quite a poetic look on his dark, handsome face, came forward to greet me very cordially in French as I entered. We were already old acquaintances, so his "*Enchanté de vous voir, mon cher,*" was only natural. He was so accustomed to see me that he little dreamt that under the guise of a "pally" visit I was not only about to sketch but also to submit him to the inquisitorial process of an interview. I think it would be difficult to find a more modest man than



good amateur one. He was, in fact, a Colonel of Infantry, and the subject of my sketch—although he had always a great taste for art—was brought up for the navy, as almost all his family were in the service; but just when he was seventeen years of age a friend who had seen some of his earlier efforts asked him if he thought he could design some costumes for an opera he was bringing out, and the result was so



successful that it entirely altered his career. Ricordi, the well-known music publishers, at once offered him an engagement with them, and there he remained eight years, when, the post of *dessinateur* to La Scala at Milan becoming vacant, he was offered, and accepted it, a very enviable one in the Italian art world. At La Scala he remained ten years, his studio in Milan meanwhile becoming the rendezvous of *le monde élégant* and of the *dilettanti* of the city. At this juncture my informant waxed so eloquent on the beauties of his studio in Milan that I interrupted him with the question, "Was it, then, so exceptionally fine? Anything like this one?" "Ah!" he replied, with a shrug of the shoulders, "this is a pill-box compared to it. It is only in Milan that they have room for such apartments!" and he handed me a photograph which he told me represented but a single corner of it. He then went on to tell me that during the ten years he was at La Scala he designed the costumes for no less than sixty operas, among others being those of "Othello" and "Mephistopheles," and the "Falstaff" of Verdi—the veteran composer being a very great friend of his—besides twenty-four ballets, and innumerable dresses for the carnivals. As a matter of fact, the arrangement of the carnival processions was always left with him. In 1889 he gained a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition, and a visit to the Gay Capital afterwards decided him to remain there, as he had the promise of much work, a promise which was more than fulfilled, as he scarcely ever had a moment to himself. His most successful piece was the well-known spectacular ballet of "Excelsior," at the Eden Theatre, in Paris. He also executed numerous commissions for the Comédie Française and other theatres. From Paris to London was an easy and natural transition, for the promise of engagements over here, as also in America, was so encouraging that he decided to start another studio in the foggy Metropolis. He had already, while in Paris, done a lot of designs for Sir Augustus Harris, so his name was not unknown in this country. The fame of his work in "Cleopatra" and the first ballet at the Palace Theatre had preceded him,

and had already made him a *persona grata* in theatrical society. His principal object, however, in coming to London was to start some work for Imre Kiralfy—"Columbus" for the Chicago Exhibition, and the spectacle of "America" for New York, which he went over personally to superintend.

The enormous amount of responsibility there is in all this may be gathered when it is stated that no less than 700 different costumes had to be designed in the ballets just named.

When asked how he managed to do his work, he told me that when a play is offered to him he gets his private secretary to read it to him in the Italian language before undertaking it, and, if necessary, he then has an interview with the author. He is inundated with samples of stuffs from the big houses as soon as it is known that he is engaged on a new play, but he conscientiously goes to the British Museum or to South Kensington Museum to read up his subject, and with the notes he thus obtains he begins to build up his designs. He told me that, once fairly started, he could sometimes get through as many as seven different designs in a day, and arrange the different stuffs, patterns of which he affixes to each sketch.

Noting a surreptitious glance at his watch, and having by this time finished my sketch, I prepared to take my departure.

"But tell me," I exclaimed, anxious to obtain the utmost possible information by my parting question, "what is your most notable work in London at the present moment?"

"'Little Christopher Columbus' and 'A Gaiety Girl.'"

"And what are you occupied on now?"

"Well, I am doing 'Constantinople,' where I have not only to design the costumes, but to give sketches of the boats, chariots, accoutrements,



of the horses, camels, &c. I am also doing the 'Fish' ballet for the Drury Lane pantomime, besides, which I have in hand a piece for Sarah Bernhardt and one for Coquelin."

"And where do you prefer to live, in Milan or London?"

"Ah, London," he replied, "*mille fois*, with its beautiful English girls," and, catching the somewhat infectious sparkle that came into his eye at this remark, "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin," I thought, as I wended my way downstairs.

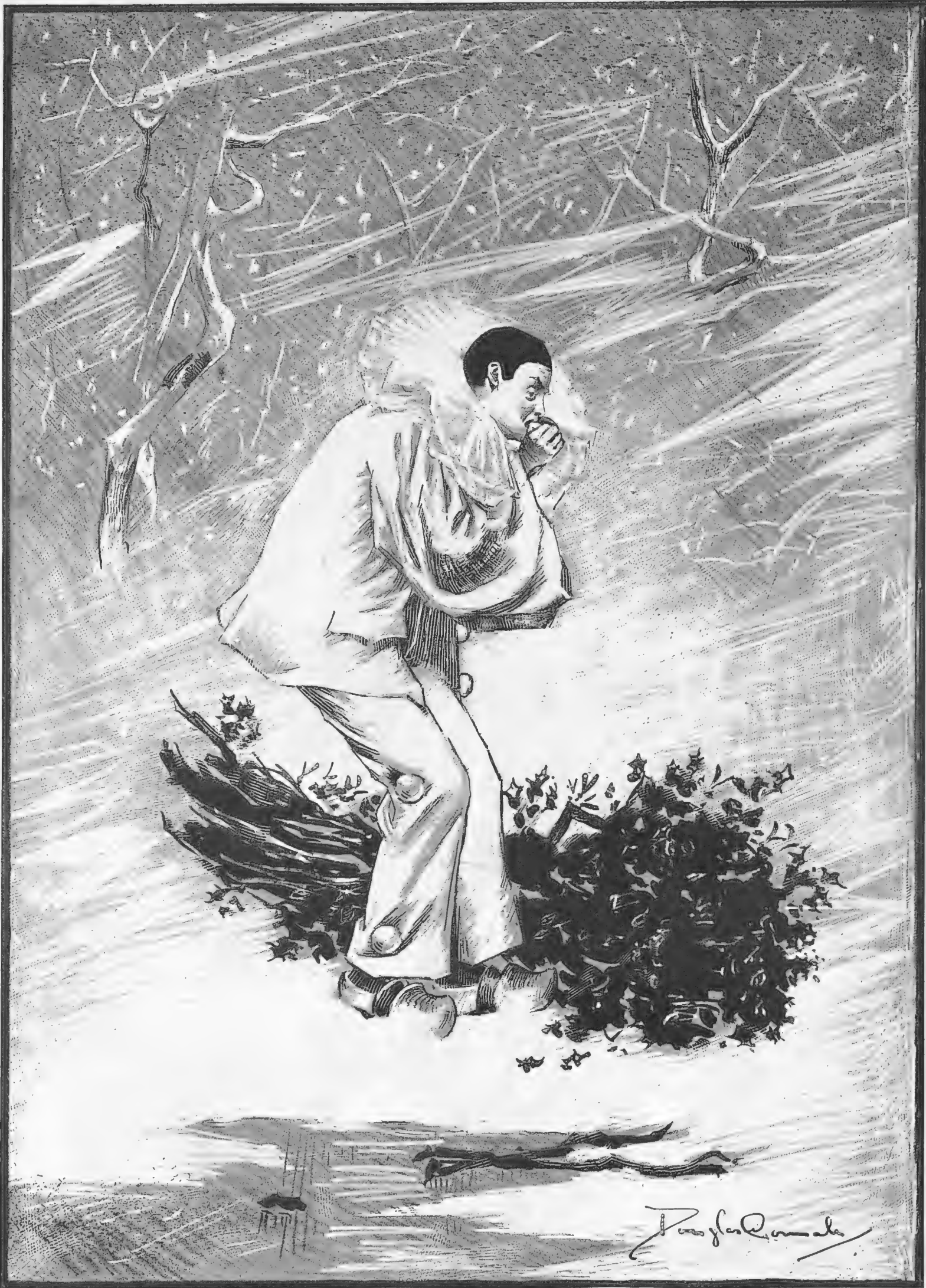
J. M. P.

THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.

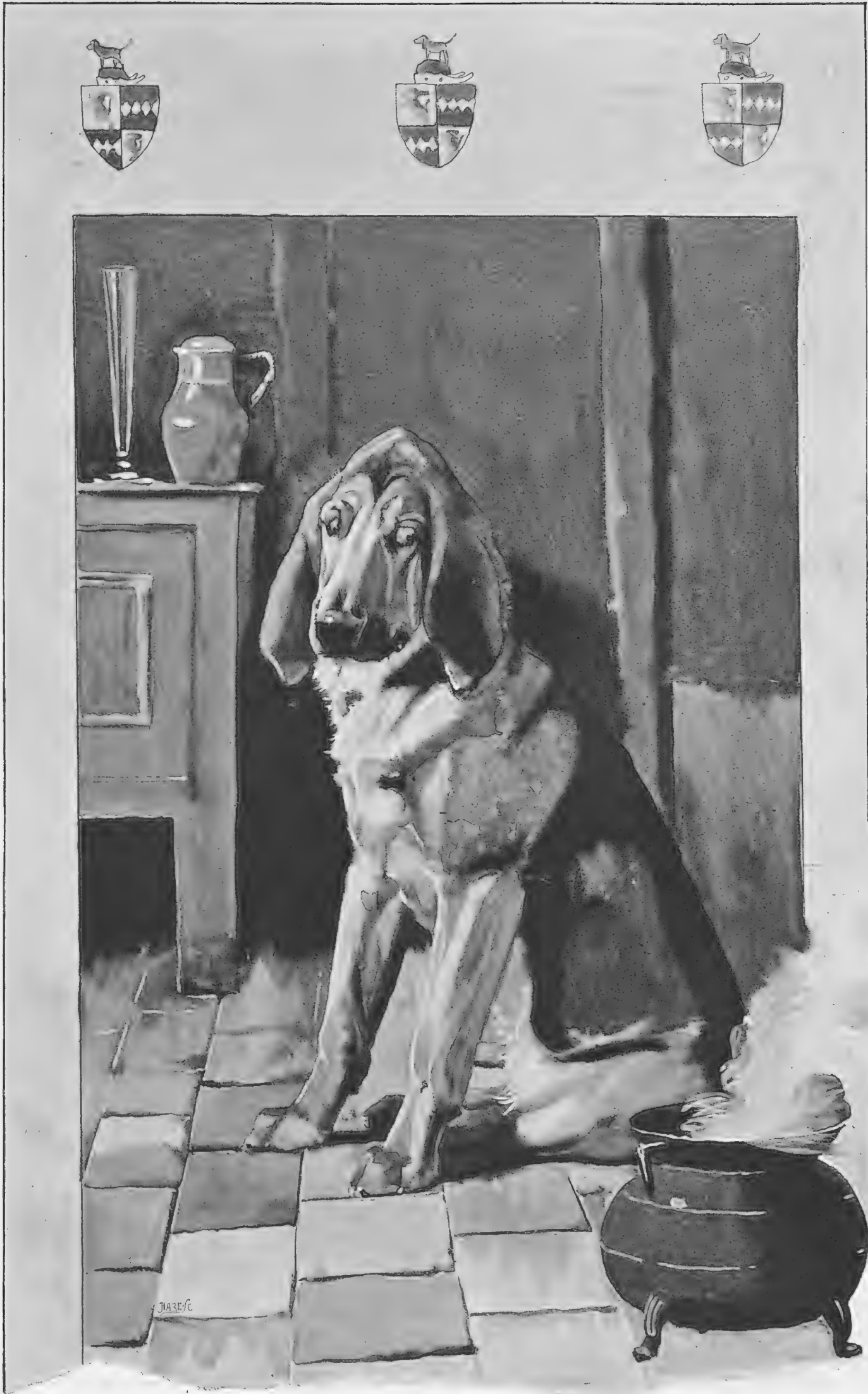


THE PASHA IS THIRSTY.

DRAWN BY DUDLEY HARDY.



BRINGING HOME THE HOLLY.



HIS CHRISTMAS DINNER.
DRAWN BY CECIL ALDIN.



BOXING NIGHT AT THE THEATRE, FROM VARIOUS POINTS OF VIEW.



A DREAM OF PANTOMIME.

WITH THE "G.G.G.'S."

Which, being interpreted, meaneth with the Gay Gold-Gilbey Minstrels (writes a representative of *The Sketch*). That, at least, appeared to me the most fitting, if not the orthodox, significance of the style and title adopted by the clever men and charming ladies who recently gave such delightfully fresh and frolicsome entertainments at rural Bishop Stortford and pretty riverside Maidenhead, in the name of charity, and to the huge enjoyment of audiences which filled every available nook and corner of the halls. The accompanying photographs illustrate the nine ladies who did so much to secure the success of the entertainment. The Muses and the Graces changed numbers for once, but entered into an amiable conspiracy to join forces in charming the public, for this bevy of beautiful women and graceful girls danced, sang, acted, and showed in a score of pretty ways that they could use every weapon in the armoury of feminine fascination with equally fatal effect.

But the "G.G.G." Minstrels proved to be a novelty in more ways than one. Their fame had reached me in fragmentary fashion, but I was not prepared for some of the most delightful features of the evening. Imagine, for instance, anyone suspecting that all these brilliant performers were close relations—sisters, brothers, and cousins. No one, after enjoying the three hours or so of bright and varied entertainment which they provided, would have cavilled had it been appropriately brought to an end by a general chanting of "We are a clever family—we are, we are, we are!" A merry family and a graceful family, and a family fertile of smart ideas, for none other would have thought of the happy and artistic notion of mitigating the sombre severity of a black minstrel troupe with alternate visions of bright colour and charming faces afforded by the presence of the fair ladies upon the platform. Sambo and Bones, and the indispensable

Mr. Johnson, although in the case of the "G.G.G.'s" admirably up-to-date in humour and fresh in repartee, are apt to pall, but, brightened by so much beauty—and not merely passive, doll-like beauty either, for the ladies contributed a liberal share to the programme—the whole thing was invested with a racy novelty as welcome as it was unconventional.

The group of handsome sisters and cousins represented in their tasteful fancy dresses in the accompanying photographs are Miss Blanche Gold, "Turkey"; Miss Mary Gold, "Spain"; Miss Emily Gold, "India"; Mrs. Tresham Gilbey, "Italy"; Miss Amy Gold, "France"; Miss Annie Gold, "Scotland"; Miss Kate Gold, "England"; Mrs. Hine, "Wales," and Miss Ellen Gold, "Ireland." To use a cherished and invaluable stereotype, "Where all were so good it would be invidious to select any of the performers for special praise." But it is a simple fact that whether it was a dainty septette skirt dance, a pretty lyric comedietta, quaintly comical waxworks, a glorious hunting dance as bright and breezy as Lady Gay Spanker's immortal description of a run, a lovely "Capri dance," full of sunshine and colour as the place of its birth, an Indian dance to cymbals, an old-world May Day dance, a merry reel, Scotch or Irish, or a graceful Turkish dance, full of poetry and charm, each new item revealed some fresh beauty and some new phase of art. Add to these the humours of the "coloured gentlemen," and their quite admirable singing and dancing, and it can readily be believed that one of the merriest nights which will linger among my memories of many merry nights in which music and dance, melody and humour played their parts will be that which I recently had the good fortune to spend in the cheery company of the "G.G.G.'s."

I should like, by-the-way, to give your readers a "tip" for a specific for waking up a house party if there should threaten a spell of dulness: try a hunting dance. A more rousing, picturesque thing I cannot imagine, and the hunting dance, being so appropriate to the season, should find its way into numberless country houses at Christmastide.



Miss Annie Gold, Miss Kate Gold, Mrs. Hine, Miss Ellen Gold,
"Scotland," "England," "Wales," "Ireland."



Miss Blanche Gold,
"Turkey,"

Miss Mary Gold,
"Spain."

Miss Emily Gold,
"India."

Mrs. Tresham Gilbey,
"Italy."

Miss Amy Gold,
"France."

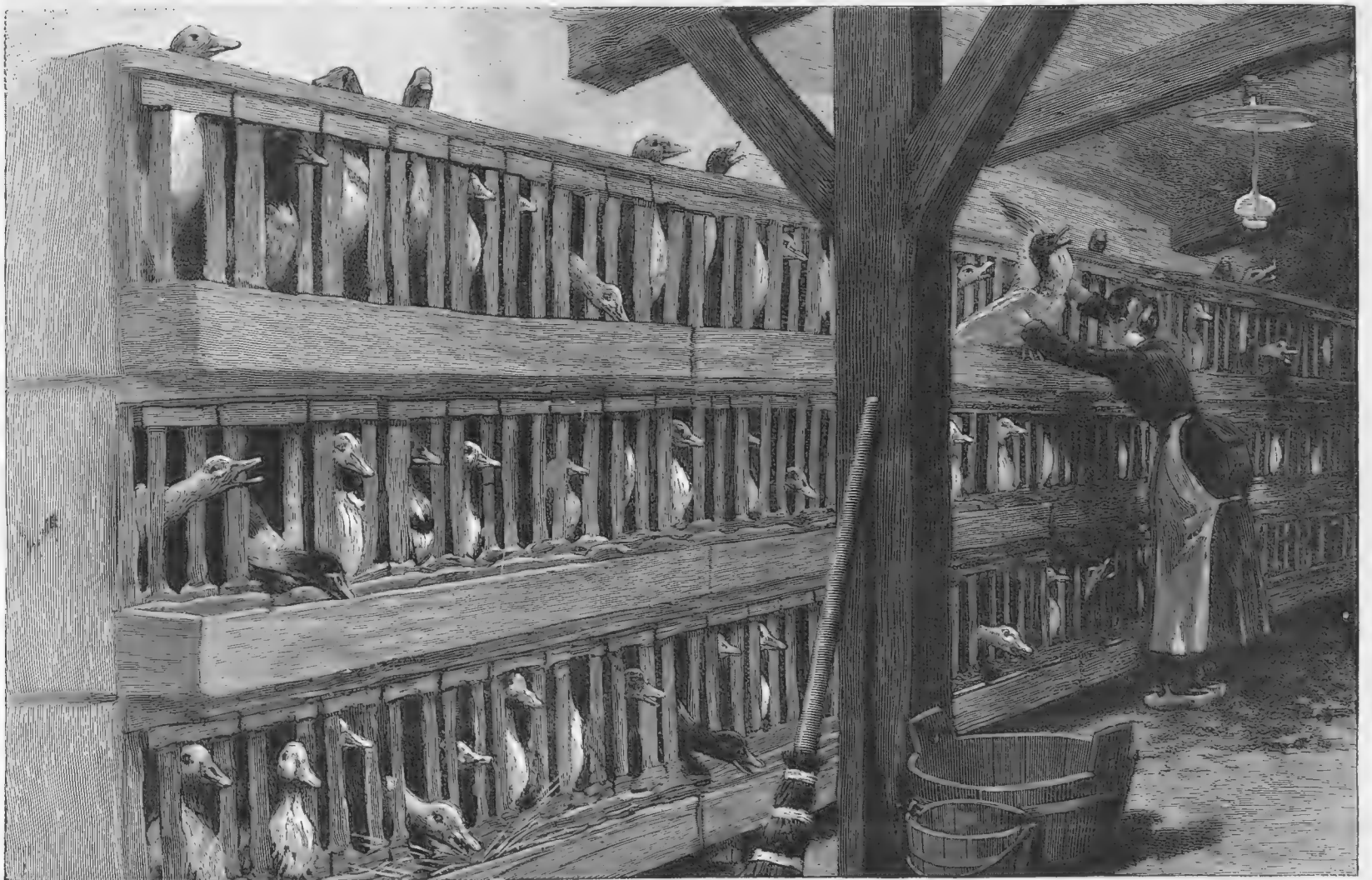
OUR CHRISTMAS GOOSE AT HOME.



A MARKET WOMAN.



HUNG UP.



PREMONITIONS.

A TALK WITH PAUL CINQUEVALLI.

"Yes, this is Master Cinquevalli," says his father, with pleasant pride, introducing me to the cheery little curly-haired fellow whom I found playing in the famous juggler's sanctum. "He is just three and a-half. Here, Frankie," and, taking the child's hands in his own, he swung him in the air until he was balanced perpendicularly, with his little shoes together towards the ceiling. The boy enjoyed the sport just as an ordinary child would a game of pick-a-back, and quite refused to "run along" until he had been put through other surprising feats. "He is rather a handful," said his father, metaphorically, when the door was closed behind him.

To look at Paul Cinquevalli in every-day dress, you get no idea either of his amazing dexterity or his extraordinary strength. His hands are small and nervous-looking, and the muscles of his arms do not swell out his coat-sleeves. Yet, with one arm he will raise a heavier man than himself till he has him balanced at arm's length above his head, the while he juggles three balls with his other hand.

"I am by birth a Pole, but was educated in Berlin," he told me in answer to the inevitable catechism, "and when a boy at school I ran away to become an aerial gymnast. In the countries where we used to perform nets under the trapezes were quite unknown, and serious falls were not uncommon. At last, when I was nineteen, I came down 75 ft., and had the ill-luck to strike a guy rope in my descent. Eight months afterwards, when I came out of the hospital, and they told me that with my left hand I should never again be able to swing on a bar, I took to juggling, which I had practised with some success in private before my accident. Since then I have been all over the Continent and America. But now I am again making London my home, as you see."

"Again?" I asked.

"But you have probably not heard of another accident which I had, and bid fair to be more serious than that of which I have told you. It occurred when I was performing before the Shah and the Prince and Princess of Wales at the Crystal Palace. I was upraising my assistant above my head, when suddenly I found I had not the right balance. Before an ordinary audience I would have let him down and begun the feat anew. As it was, in the effort to avoid a failure, I strained myself internally so seriously that the doctors said I must never work again. Why, the least slip or stumble gave me dreadful pain for months afterwards."

"Well, I went to live in Berlin, and became proprietor of a theatre. Then my wife had a most dangerous illness—it was when Frankie was born. A famous physician interested himself in the case, and one day, when a grave crisis was past, I took him into my own room to give him some refreshment. Here he saw a picture of me in my professional dress, and the secret was out that I had been a performer. For I had told no one in Berlin, because in Germany the proprietor is, of course, all right, but the artiste——" He shrugged his shoulders.

"Yet," he continued, "in our work, and especially in aerial work, you would be surprised to find how diligent and sober and how superstitiously religious the most of the performers are. But you will have guessed the rest of my story. The good doctor had a careful look at me, told me that an operation might possibly succeed, and here I am again as strong and well as ever."

"The public would like to know," I said, "as to the comparative difficulty of your feats."

"The public always like best the showiest tricks, and they are generally the easiest," was the smiling reply;—"perhaps the hardest of all are the balancing of the cigars, and of the cue and the billiard balls.

I practised catching an egg on a plate for nine years, and then was not absolutely perfect; but the public never thought much of it, and I don't do it now. They thought I had a stone egg, and when I broke it to show it was real, that it was a bit of conjuring. But no real juggler would do such a thing," he added indignantly; "everything I do, I do do; there is no pretence. They ask me now whether the billiard balls, which I balance one on the other on the cue, are not flattened to make the feat easy. Of course, they are not—not in the very slightest."

"Tell me about your round shot."

"The iron ball," he corrected me. "Well, it is quite solid and weighs 48 lb. But I am so used to it now that I hardly notice its weight. After a time the most difficult feats, and those which take longest to learn, become the easiest. At the Nouveau Cirque, the other day, I found an iron ball of fully 100 lb., and I caught it on my neck from the stick like the other. I did not find so much difference as I expected. Ever

have accidents with it? Well, a few nasty ones on my shoulder-bones, if I am not in the right position; but I take care not to let it fall on the skull. My feats with it are still very popular, and that although they have been a good deal imitated. But to catch the lawn-tennis ball on the forehead is just as difficult, though the audience don't know it."

A dozen or so of the familiar "under-sewn regulation" stood at his elbow on a pair of ornamental stands, and he illustrated his meaning. The bounce of the lawn-tennis ball is its difficulty. He then fetched a much bigger ball, a present from the famous Japanese juggler, whom he first saw accomplish the feat, and showed me how the Japanese ball was especially made so as to fall quite "dead."

"I asked Kanotskin Awata to try the lawn-tennis ball," he told me. "He experimented with it a long time, and then he said it was quite impossible. That determined me; but I had to practise it hard for quite six months before I could manage it."

"Practise every day? At least two hours without fail."

"If you leave off a feat for a while, has it to be learnt all over again?"

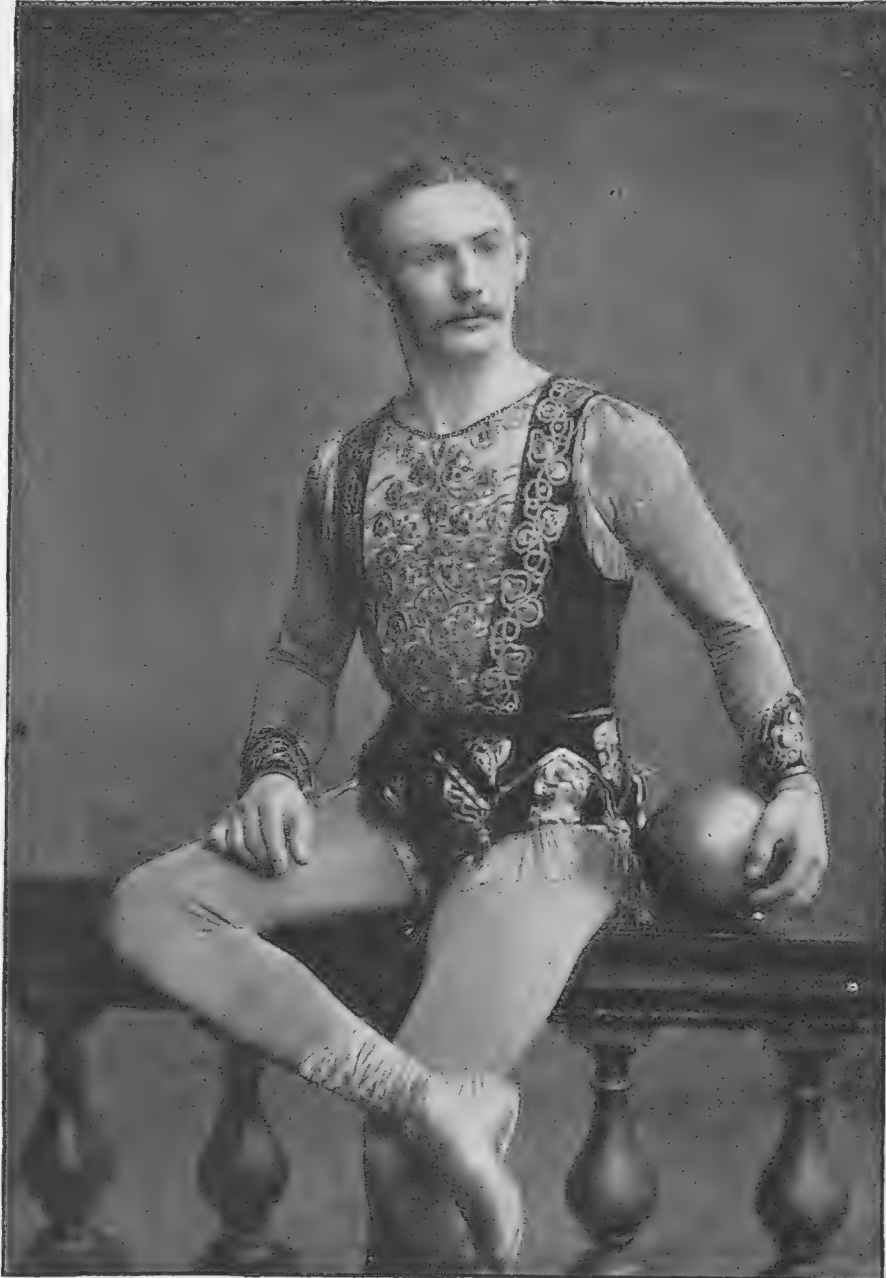
"Yes and no. To do it gracefully, yes; but I can generally learn again in half an hour a thing it may have taken me a year to pick up in the first instance."

"You must also be an expert conjurer," I remarked.

"Yes; conjuring is my hobby, but juggling my business. In private I practise conjuring a great deal. If I see anything new, I am not satisfied until I know how it's done and can do it myself. And then I have experimented in just the same way with thought-reading, mesmerism, mnemonics, and all those sorts of things. If there is something I do not understand, I lie awake at night puzzling over it."

He had recently been to hear a lecture on the latest achievement of spiritualism—namely, spirit-writing. The lecturer was a gentleman with a beard, who edited a paper which was all about that sort of thing. "He talked so wildly," said M. Cinquevalli, "that I felt sure that he himself believed in his own powers being supernatural. But, after all, it is only self-hypnotism, which is a very well understood phenomenon."

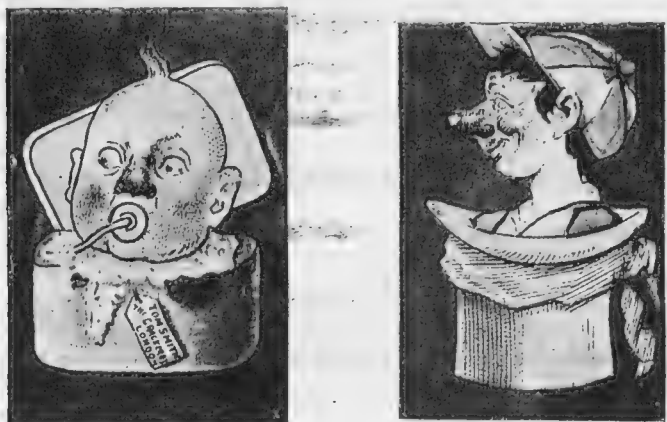
Asked if he had any new feats, he replied: "Here is one which is very hard. The 'objects' are a raw potato, a sharp fork, and a puff dart. While the potato is in the air I throw the fork so as to stick it in it, and then shoot the dart also into the potato, before catching fork and all in my hand. The papers sometimes say that I do not bring out enough new tricks, but they do not understand how difficult I make my feats. It would be impossible to practise a thing for months in order to do it only a few times. And I do not mind if my hardest performances do not get the most applause. You see, I myself get the satisfaction of their achievement, and there is always a few in the audience who can appreciate their difficulty."



M. CINQUEVALLI.

MR. TOM SMITH.

Mr. Gilbert once volunteered to enlighten the public as to the identity of the bard who writes the mottoes for the Christmas crackers. This cheery optimist was said to be a plump gentleman of middle age, in a snowy cap and apron, who dispensed excellent soup and pursued



Mr. Gilbert (disguised as Fernando), when that inquisitive personage left a little account unpaid, with the cry, "Soup's a shilling!" With all respect to Mr. Gilbert, I have never been able to regard this story as convincing. The poet who writes Mr. Tom Smith's mottoes cannot descend to the occupation of a cook. My own belief is that some of these compositions are furnished by Mr. Lewis Morris and others by Mr. Swinburne. Who but the author of "Poems and Ballads" could plunge two young people into speechless embarrassment by disclosing in the recesses of the cracker, when, after much tugging on both sides, it has gone off with an alarming bang, such a passionate endearment as this?—

*Your sunny shoulders
Entrance beholders.*

Unhappily, even the genial prodigality of Mr. Tom Smith cannot provide suitable emotions for every emergency, and I once had the misfortune to light upon this Swinburnian sentiment, after pulling the cracker with



a very lean spinster of some forty-five summers. I remember the lady eyed me with a wrathful suspicion, which struck a chill even into the festive glow of supper time.

That glow is painfully absent from these present studies in Swinburne and Lewis Morris, for I have to withdraw the glittering cracker from its ornamental box, and pull it in cold blood, not with a damsel over a glass of champagne, but with a printer's devil, who has been summoned from the nether regions for this purpose, and stands gazing at the treasures of Mr. Tom Smith with distended eyes. I improve the occasion with a short discourse somewhat in this wise—

"My young friend, you are a nice, clean boy, and it is a great pleasure to me to gratify your natural love of noise (here the cracker explodes amidst a suppressed shout of joy from the P. D.) and personal display. You see, I extract from this shell the oyster, which is yours,



and keep the pearl, which, from a hasty glance, I judge to be Lewis Morris. (P. D. seems slightly puzzled by this imagery.) In other words, I beg you to don this head-gear, which, I have no doubt, will become you admirably, while I peruse this precious fragment from a new 'Epic of Hades.'"

P. D. (handling a piece of black tissue-paper very gingerly). "Is it the black cap, Sir?"

MYSELF. "Good heavens! What a grisly idea! 'Tis an age of pessimism, indeed, when even in a Christmas cracker a healthy, bouncing boy finds the suggestion of a halter! No, my lad, it is the hat of the Shah of Persia, and you may wear it without misgiving. (P. D. shows a desire to survey himself in the glass.) Stand on a chair and have a look. (He does, and I hear a gurgling murmur of satisfaction which sounds not unlike 'Crikey!') Now let us read the message of the prophet Morris—

*All that my hopes have visioned
Before me now I see;
All that I fain would cherish,
This have I found in thee."*

I repeat this to the printer's devil as an assurance of my sentiments. He grins, and with difficulty checks the impulse to reply "Garn!"

The discourse is resumed.

"As a youthful student of the varied expressions of the heart, you cannot fail to be struck by the concentration of all this rapture. (No; I don't think that is meant for the head—it looks like a kettle-holder.) The poet is never weary of declaring, with comprehensive generality, that the beloved object possesses every perfection. (Don't swallow that—it isn't a sweet, it's a trick.) At the same time, he is careful to suggest



that he is indispensable to the proper nourishment of all these beauties, as thus—

*Have you seen the daisy's leaves
Open sweetly in the sun?
Have you felt the evening breeze
Soothe you when the day is done?
So, my darling, I would be
Ever near to cherish thee."*

You seem to be amused, my boy."

P. D. (who is doing himself internal injury by trying to quell convulsions of laughter). "Please, Sir, it's Mrs. Sloper."

MYSELF. "And what of that worthy lady?"

P. D. "Please, Sir, it's her riddle: 'How can it be proved that a horse has six legs? Because he has fore-legs in front and two behind.'"

It takes the printer's devil some time to recover from this stroke of



humour, and just when I think I have fixed his attention once more he mutters "Fore-legs" and goes off again.

"Nor can it escape you," I proceed, "that the poet is never deterred from comparing himself to some remote object in Nature by any consideration of space. For instance—

*Like the constant stars in heaven,
Watching in the midnight sky,
I would be your loving guardian,
Ever watchful, ever by."*

Now, there is a world of vigilance in that 'Ever by,' though you may demur that, if he is as far off as the constant star, he will not be of much use in any emergency—should the lady be pursued by a bull, for example. This, however is not an objection in which, as a boy of taste, you are likely to persist. What are you laughing at now? More of Mrs. Sloper's waggeries?"

P. D. (physically tortured as before). "No, Sir; it's the Conjurer's Joke."

We study this together—

Take a little ball in each hand, and stretch your hands as far apart as you possibly can, one from the other; then tell the company that you will make both the balls come into whichever hand they please, without bringing the hands into contact with each other. If any of the lookers-on challenge your ability of achieving this feat, all you have to do is



to lay one of the balls down upon a table, turn yourself round, and take it up with your other hand. Both the balls will thus be in one of your hands, without the latter approaching the other, agreeably to your promise.

P. D. (in a burst of exultation). "That's the way to cod 'em!"

MYSELF. "My young friend, from the genius of Lewis Morris we pass to the genius of Mr. Maskelyne. What do we not owe to the man who

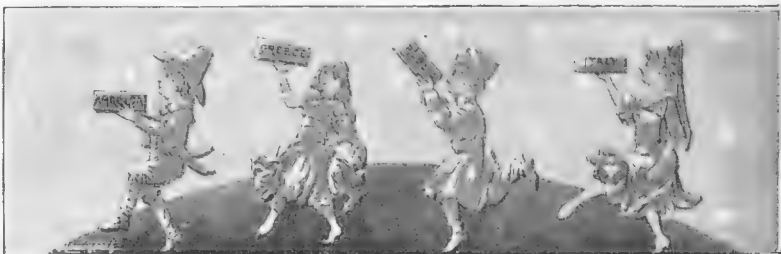


brings these kindred spirits together, to the man of whom we may justly say, in the words of this cracker motto, which, if you don't mind, I will disentangle from your pearly teeth—

*Shakspeare, though of bards the king,
Could not all thy graces sing;
Countless charms around thee cling.*

How would you fitly celebrate the annual triumph of Mr. Tom Smith?"

P. D. (in a voice husky with feeling). "Ginger-beer!"



MYSELF (producing a bag of gold). "Hic thee, then, and drink his health in ginger—extra dry!"

L. F. A.

THE HISTORY OF A "LOVING CUP."

A singular but most interesting discussion has lately been going on at Kidderminster with respect to the history of the ancient and very beautiful "loving cup" used at the Corporation banquets in the borough. The discussion arose from a statement made at a recent banquet by a town councillor that the cup had originally been a chalice of the Catholic Church. This, as the Rev. J. F. Kershaw points out, is disproved by the fact that it bears the date 1592 on the hall-mark, nearly sixty years after the Reformation. An old board in St. Mary's chantry, Kidderminster, states that in 1623 one Thomas Jennings, grocer in the City of London, gave to the church "a cup to be used in the Communion service, and to be carried before honest people of this town when married." The cup has for generations been absent from the church, and that now in possession of the Corporation is identical with the one described, and bears the same date and name of the donor, but without the after-inscription. Whether it is really the identical cup will not now be proved absolutely; but the inferences that it is so are so very strong that a movement is on foot by Kidderminster churchpeople to present to the Corporation a replica of the Jennings' cup for their convivial feasts on condition that the Corporation should restore to the Church the old cup, which has doubtless been consecrated to holy uses, and used for generations in the most sacred service of the Christian faith.

RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Sir Blundell Maple has had a bad year with his horses, although not so bad as Colonel North. My advice to both owners is to sell off the rubbish and fill the boxes with good two-year-olds, as it should never be forgotten that a bad horse costs just as much to keep as a good one. The Duke of Portland and the Duke of Westminster believe in stabling horses of the best quality only, and it is many years since either has lost money over his racing establishment. Platers may be useful as implements of gambling for little professional men; but they should not be encouraged by wealthy owners, who would, I am sure, find the leviathan stakes now offered at some meetings worth going for.

The entries for the spring handicaps will be forthcoming in the first week of the New Year, so that we have not long to wait before once more diving into the future. Already several horses have been talked about for the Lincoln Handicap, and I believe Tibbie Shiels and Avington have been backed with the French list men. As Cloister will once more go for the Grand National, and as it is seemingly impossible to handicap him out of the race, the double event ought to be found without much difficulty. The funniest incident in the shape of double events that ever came to my knowledge, and which I can personally vouch for, was this: Two brothers who are known to me backed a double event each. One took the winner of the Lincoln Handicap and the second, in the Grand National, while the other chose the winner of the Grand National and the second in the Lincoln Handicap.

Most of us knew that backers were as a body superstitious to a degree, but until this week I had no idea that trainers had caught the contagion. However, in a chat with a large trainer who has his stable full of horses, he told me in all seriousness that he always had one or other of his animals ailing, until, some years back, a friend told him that if he kept a goat, and allowed it to roam about the stables, the trouble would cease. He forthwith purchased a billy goat, and the animal has the Open Sesame to the whole show, with the result that the trainer has never since had to call in the aid of the veterinary surgeon. I am not able to pursue the subject further, as the trainer himself could not tell me what the goat had to do with the marvellous change, but the tale is true.

Gentlemen who were in the habit of hunting with the Blackmoor Vale twenty years back will remember a farmer with one arm only, who rode a grey mare, and always led the field a lively dance. His name was Herrington, and, strange to say, he never had an artificial limb, so that he only had the one hand to hold on to the reins, but these he would sometimes grasp with his teeth when he wanted to give his hand a rest. I never saw him come to grief, and hardly ever saw him "pounded." But I have a piece of news that beats the one arm hollow: it is that a gentleman rider who has won several races, and has brought off some good long shots, has a cork leg. He is often seen in the saddle, and is very popular at meetings held under National Hunt Rules.

Now that bookmakers are continually being robbed at hotels during the night, it behoves them to devise some scheme to meet the case. I think hotel proprietors should be made to provide a safe for the depositing of all valuables, and, if necessary, a small booking fee could be charged. The man at the inn would in that case, of course, be held responsible for all losses, and, no doubt, he would look out that no one burgled his safe. I certainly do not think any bookmaker should sleep away from home with thousands of pounds in notes and gold under his pillow. I am told that Mr. Ben Hyams on the night he was robbed was, contrary to his usual custom, sleeping in the room by himself. It will be very inconvenient if a special body of police has to be engaged at race times to keep sentry at the bed-room doors in the hotels.

It is difficult to say who has won the most money on the Turf this year. I am told that one professional plunger was unable to meet his account the other day, and yet he was in many of the starting-price jobs. The followers of Jewitt's stable have, of course, done well, but I should imagine the patrons of Marsh's establishment were a long way out on the year. Ryan's horses have done little, but Joe Cannon led home some good winners during the latter part of the year. If I am not misinformed, Mr. Tom Wilson, the plunger, had a very good season. It will be remembered he lost many thousands over La Flèche when Sir Hugo beat her for the Derby, but he followed the mare for all the races she ran in after this, and altogether must have made money over the speculation. Another plunger, Mr. Charles Hannan, has done remarkably well since his return to the Turf. Mr. Hannan boasts that he takes advice from nobody; he acts entirely on his own judgment, playing pluckily when he feels like it. He evidently possesses good judgment, as he is one of the very few men who have ever found heavy plunging pay.

Betting by telephone is becoming quite a common practice, as many of the stay-at-home bookmakers have found out to their cost; but getting winners by telephone is a novel idea. I am told that during the last flat-race meeting at Manchester the telephone was freely used by one or two sharp backers, who made a great haul by being in front of the "tape." It seems that, having heard the winner, they use other telephones to back it with bookies in the suburbs, and are, therefore, all the time on certainties. It is almost needless to add that if the parties are ever discovered by the powers that be they will never be allowed to set foot on a racecourse again. In the meantime, layers should make a hard and fast rule never to do business after the time set for any race to take place. Further, they should make due allowance for the difference in the time at Liverpool and London.

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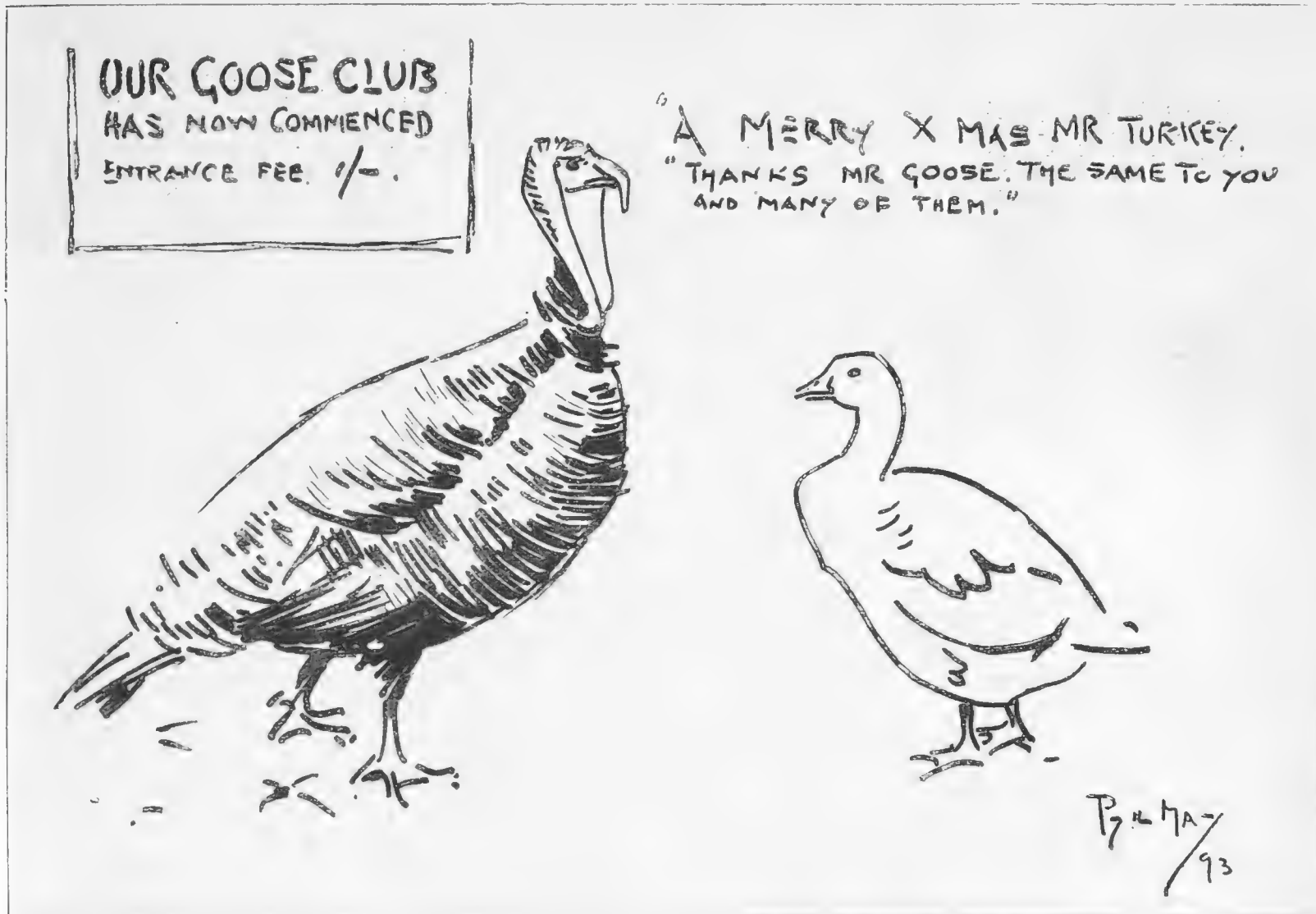
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SMALL TALK.

The Queen spent Christmas very quietly at Osborne, glad of a rest after the succession of visitors which arrears of hospitality obliged her to receive during the residence of the Court at Windsor. Her Majesty has been out daily in the private grounds of a morning, and has taken the usual short drive in the afternoon. There was the regulation distribution of gifts to the members of the household in the hall on Christmas Eve, when the Queen and the other royalties were present. The Court returns to Windsor the second week in February, and will remain there until her Majesty leaves for Italy the third week in March. The Queen will cross from Portsmouth to Cherbourg in the royal yacht Victoria and Albert, and proceed thence, via Paris and Mont Cenis, direct to Florence. Mr. Donne, who succeeded the late Mr. Kanne as Director of Royal Journeys, has been in Florence, accompanied by a well-known expert, to examine and overhaul the sanitary arrangements and water supply of the Villa Fabbricotti, which have now been pronounced

"When the burglar goes a-burgling" consideration for the owner of the burgled establishment cannot often be laid to his charge, but the other evening, when a party of these redressers of the wrongs inflicted by the unequal division of this world's goods invaded Brownsover Hall, near Rugby, where the Dowager Duchess of Sutherland is at present residing, they were particularly considerate for her Grace. Whether the fact that the Duchess had enjoyed the hospitality of Holloway Castle made her in their eyes a *persona grata* I cannot say, but the fact remains that, after taking all the usual precautions of their craft, they contented themselves with robbing several of her Grace's lady friends, and most politely left her own valuable jewels untouched. The incident seems worthy of a place in the records of house-breaking, which is by no means without its fascinations for certain classes in the community.

The quite different standpoints from which the critics may be able to survey a new book are quite as marked nowadays as they were when the Lake poets quarrelled with their Cockney brethren. Take, for example, the new volume of stories by George Egerton—obviously



perfectly satisfactory. Accommodation is required for sixty persons when the Queen betakes herself to "the Continong," and the average expenditure for these spring trips exceeds £10,000.

Excellent sport has been obtained by the royal guests in the preserves at Osborne. The Queen's covers on the property are of great extent, and as they have for years been most strictly preserved—during the life of the late John Brown nobody else was allowed to fire a gun upon the estate—the annual bag now amounts to considerably over a thousand pheasants.

There is no truth in the rumours circulated that special precautions have recently been taken to guard the Mausoleum at Frogmore. The building is already so carefully watched that it would be quite impossible for any stranger to approach it without being promptly required to explain his or her business. Except on the anniversary of the death of the Prince Consort, when the Mausoleum is thrown open during the afternoon to the inhabitants of Windsor, nobody is ever admitted to it without a special order from the Queen herself.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been entertaining the usual family party at Sandringham for Christmas, in accordance with their custom of late years. There is to be another big shoot next week. Nearly 10,000 pheasants have been reared at Sandringham this year, and the sport so far has been excellent. The season of 1885-86, however, still stands as "a record," the total bag that year amounting to 16,000 head, including 6850 pheasants,

a woman—which Messrs. Mathews and Lane have just published. "Keynotes" is, in my judgment, a book of real genius, and so clearly think some of the critics—not, however, the *Pall Mall Gazette*; but here it is pleasing to take refuge in parallel columns—

We have met with nothing so lovely in its tenderness since Mr. Kipling's "Without Benefit of Clergy."—*Daily Chronicle*.

A work of genius. There is upon the whole thing a stamp of downright inevitableness as of things which must be written, and written exactly in that way.—*Speaker*.

The characters are admirably drawn, and the scenes and landscapes described with so much and so rare vividness that one cannot help being spell-bound by their perusal.—*St. James's Budget*.

Powerful pictures of human beings living to-day, full of burning pain and thought and passion.—*Bookman*.

Not since "The Story of an African Farm" was written has any woman delivered herself of so strong, so forcible a book.—*Queen*.

Love and drink are the themes of which it treats, and, on the whole, we are inclined to prefer the *delirium tremens* to the love-making—*flat experimentum in corpore vili*, at least; and we are at a loss to comprehend why anyone depicting the divinest of all occupations should resort to slang, bad grammar, and strange and unpleasing forms of endearment. Emboldened, doubtless, by the success of "Dodo," the author of "Keynotes" offers us a set of stories written with the least amount of literary skill and in the worst literary taste. With their moral taste, we would rather not concern ourselves. We presume that "Keynotes" is the work, and the first work, of a woman. We have refrained from quotation for fear of giving to this book an importance which it does not merit.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.

The *Pall Mall* reviewer would have done well to refrain from so absurd a piece of ignorant prejudice as this analogy between "Dodo" and "Keynotes." The two books have absolutely nothing in common.

A pleasant event in theatrical circles was the marriage of Mr. Sydney Brough, a popular young actor, the member of one of our old theatrical families, to Miss Lizzie Webster, the charming grand-daughter of Mr. Benjamin Webster, one of the soundest actors of the last generation. The wedding took place at Christ Church, Woburn Square, and was followed by a most delightful reception at the Grafton Galleries, held by the bride's brother and sister-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Ben Webster. It was pleasant at the latter function to see so many pretty representatives of all sorts of charming stage heroines, dressed in lovely costumes. There was sympathetic Miss Marion Terry, all in brown; lovely Miss Winifred Emery (Mrs. Cyril Maude) with her little daughter; roguish Miss Irene Vanbrugh, who has done such excellent work for Mr. Toole; stately Miss Beatrice Lamb, like "Niobe, all smiles"; and that clever artiste Miss Fanny Brough, whose spirits would make even a Cabinet Council lively. Then there were Mrs. Wood's charming daughter, Mrs. Ralph Lumley, Mr. and Mrs. George Alexander, Mr. Herbert Waring and his wife, the latter in a stylish costume of green cloth, and a score of others whom one more frequently sees on the stage than off, but not all taking parts in the same performance. Altogether, a most pleasant gathering.

Uncharitable remarks have not infrequently been made on the pious bequests of those persons who, having no further use for their money (being, indeed, unable to take it with them), try to purchase salvation by a judicious *post-mortem* distribution. At a Midland town where I was staying the other day I was shown a remarkably fine church, built and endowed out of funds left for the purpose by a wealthy brewer, who acquired a vast fortune and owned a vast number of what are called "tied houses" in the trade. I believe some £50,000 had been devoted to this excellent purpose, and the church is known among the townsfolk by the euphonious sobriquet of "Mr. —'s Fire Escape." Such is fame!

Baron Sigfried von Buttenheim has been allowed to resign his commission in the Bavarian Army, owing to his marriage with Princess Elizabeth of Bavaria, grand-daughter of the Austrian Emperor. The lady fell in love in good orthodox fashion. Opposition of a very decided sort from the Princess's parents threw the young people into despair, but the Emperor, hearing of it, decided in his usual generous fashion that he would not stand in the way of this fond couple's felicity, who are respectively twenty and twenty-three years old, so consented to the marriage, which accordingly has taken place very quietly at Genoa. The Archbishop of that ancient city tied the knot. The Duchess of Genoa, together with several other high personages, were present at the unofficial ceremony. As a wedding gift, the Emperor of Austria has given the young people a splendid castle and estate in the Tyrol called Petersberg, so the romance is quite complete, notwithstanding the thunderstruck attitude of many noble families in Austria, who, I am told by a Diplomatic friend, are very angry over the alliance, and declare that the exclusive usages of the Court will make it both awkward and undesirable for the bride and bridegroom to appear at it, as the Court etiquette cannot be disregarded and its forms upset by this union of a subject with a royal princess.

It has never been deemed dishonourable in war to capture some engine of destruction belonging to the enemy and try its effect upon him. In politics one party has before now adopted the shibboleth of the other with excellent results, and I have, therefore, no hesitation in recommending to the temperance folks as a motto or war cry the utterance of a lady who, having sampled some alcoholic beverage not wisely but too well, reclined herself comfortably in the roadway, and shouted her

The Irish Literary Society are deservedly proud of Mr. T. W. Rolleston, their brilliant honorary secretary, and seldom has such a gathering of Celtic men and women been seen as that which attended the dinner held in his honour at the Criterion Restaurant, where among the features of the evening were the fine speech delivered by Mr. John Augustus O'Shea, the delivery by Mr. A. P. Graves ("Father O'Flynn") of some verses which he had composed especially for the occasion, and, finally, the presentation to Mr. Rolleston of a gold watch and chain, together with an illuminated address, signed on behalf of the London Irish Literary Society by their President, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. Although still well on the right side of forty, Mr. T. W. Rolleston has achieved more than most men. The son of a well-known popular Irish barrister, he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and has the right to put B.A. after his name. A Nationalist of the Thomas Davis type, he denounced boycotting in a fine pamphlet some years ago, and thereby attracted much attention. Among *littérateurs* Mr. Rolleston is, perhaps, best known as one of the leading critics of German literature. As a *tour de force*, he once translated Walt Whitman's democratic poems into German verse.

During the last two years, with the exception of being an occasional contributor to the *Spectator*, the *Academy*, the *Contemporary*, *Pall Mall Gazette*, &c., the one time editor of the *Dublin University Review* has given almost the whole of his time to the Irish Literary Society of London, of which Mr. W. B. Yeats, the poet, first originated the idea. In addition to this, Mr. Rolleston, in conjunction with Sir Charles Gavan Duffy and Mr. Douglas Hyde, arranged for the production of the new Irish Library, of which Thomas Davis's "Patriot Parliament" was the first and Standish James O'Grady's "The Bog of Stars" the second volume. Contrary to the expectations of many of the society's warmest friends, these books sold enormously in the Emerald Isle. Of "The Patriot Parliament," edited, with an introduction, by Sir C. Gavan Duffy, nearly 20,000 were sold in three months, while of "The Bog of Stars" 12,000 were taken up in thirty days. At present Mr. Rolleston is acting as Director of Irish Industries under the association started in Ireland by Lady Aberdeen. He has also written a volume of verse published by the Rhymers' Club.

Gallant little Wales has done well by its Prince's son in the handsome wedding gift presented to the Duke and Duchess of York.

Its value is enhanced by the fact that the gold and silver from which it is made was got from the Welsh mountains, and Messrs. Elkington's clever manipulation of the material. The gift comprises two pieces of plate, taking the form of a massive *jardinière* resting upon a plateau. The plateau is oval in form, with projecting square ends, the base ornamented with the Rose of York and rose leaves; above this rises a massive plinth, terminating in a set of mouldings ornamented with orange-blossoms and true-lovers' knots; around this are eight panels, containing *repoussé* plaques in solid 18-carat gold, each one illustrating a scene in Welsh history. Between these are portraits of famous Welshmen. Upon the square ends stand two equestrian statuettes of King Henry V. and Albert Edward Prince of Wales. On each side are figures of ancient Welsh bards. The *jardinière* is an oval basket of graceful

outline, with four panels in gold *repoussé*, representing the castles of Harlech, Raglan, Pembroke, and Carnarvon. The whole is of unusually large dimensions, measuring in length 5 ft. 6 in., in width 3 ft., and 2 ft. 6 in. in height, its weight exceeding 3000 ounces.



Photo by Kauter and Schröder, Wiesbaden.
MR. T. W. ROLLESTON.



warning against strong drink to such as had ears to hear. "No more gin, no more sin" was the short sermon of which this overtaken female was delivered at short intervals, and the epigram might certainly be adopted by the Good Templars and other teetotal bodies.



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"Yours truly, "J. McFARLANE."

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## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

## FASHIONS UP TO DATE.

With Christmas a thing of the past, and Santa Claus a remembrance only—until, at least, an influx of the inevitable Christmas bills make him for the time being a reality again, and a very stern one, too—there is nothing for it but to return to Dame Fashion, even though she has



revenged herself upon us for our temporary disloyalty by concentrating all her energies upon sales, and absolutely refusing to evolve anything startlingly novel with which to reward our return to allegiance. However, refusing to be disheartened, I trudged off to Peter Robinson's in Regent Street, feeling pleasantly certain that I should find something there worthy of note, even though Dame Fashion should be rather troublesome just now. And I was justified in my belief, as I acknowledged thankfully when I saw the two evening dresses which I eventually had sketched for you.

One is a handsome and somewhat stately gown of black moiré antique spotted with white, the slightly trained skirt being trimmed with festoons of black chiffon and strings of crystal and jet beads. The bodice is finished off round the edge with a puffing of chiffon, knotted in front and falling in long ends nearly to the bottom of the dress, and, while it is veiled entirely with drawn chiffon at the back, the front is of the moiré covered with jet appliqué. The skirt fastens over the bodice with a rouleau of chiffon and crossed festoons of crystal and jet beads, the effect of which is particularly pretty, and the large drooping sleeves of moiré are caught up in the centre with a choux of chiffon.

The other dress, which is eminently girlish and pretty, is of pale rose-pink satin, over which chiffon in the same delicate tint is gracefully draped, the large butterfly bows which ornament the foot of the skirt being of accordion-pleated chiffon edged with a narrow appliqué of black lace, which is most effective. The bodice is arranged with a ruche of chiffon and a full pleated vest of the same; the under part, which is of satin, being draped most becomingly across the figure, and the quaint basques being of accordion-pleated chiffon, edged with the black lace appliqué. It is a charming dress, both in colouring and design; and I was also struck with a gown of white serpentine gauze, the draping of the full skirt being most artistic, though I must say that it did not appeal to me quite as much as the simple elegance of the plain skirts to which we have grown so accustomed. However, draped skirts are the order of the day; so, as this fact cannot be altered, it is best to submit to the inevitable with a good grace.

Another pretty dress was of white satin, the skirt edged with a quilling of white velvet ribbon, and trimmed in front with sloping flounces of chiffon, exquisitely embroidered with rows of dainty flowers in various perfectly harmonising colours; while for both smartness and cheapness

combined I can recommend a skirt of black fancy net, the flounce with which it was trimmed being arranged in quite a novel way and edged with satin ribbon. The price of this pretty skirt was only forty-five shillings, with material for the bodice, which should, by-the-way, be made with short, full basques and shoulder-frills tapering to a point at the waist, both being outlined with the satin ribbon. Another equally cheap dress (sold, with bodice material, for three guineas) was white fancy silk grenadine, the skirt made very full, and trimmed with a deep flounce, headed by Vandyke points of satin ribbon, each point being finished off with a large bow, from which a band of satin ribbon passed upwards to the waist. The bodice should be so arranged that these straps should be continued from the draped waistband of satin to the frilled berthe which finishes off the corsage, the full sleeves being fastened on the shoulders with a rosette of satin ribbon.

When I came away I brought one of Mr. Peter Robinson's sale catalogues with me, and, after a careful perusal of the same, I have come to the conclusion that his Regent Street house will be a happy hunting ground for countless bargain-seekers from the time that the sale commences on Jan. 1. All the lovely model coats and mantles in velvet moiré antique, &c., trimmed with fur, are now marked at prices from four to twelve guineas, instead of from ten to thirty, and I must tell you that there are some smart tailor-made coats, which commence in price at half-a-guinea each. There is also a splendid selection of perfectly new opera cloaks, from a guinea upwards. Flannel morning gowns from six shillings, and cashmere tea gowns from 15s. 6d., are marvels of cheapness, and the well-known and very popular "Hebe" tea gowns in crépon of various colours, with silk fronts and with shoulder capes and deep frills from the elbow of lace, are reduced to 39s. 6d., though they were wonderfully cheap before, when they were 52s. 6d. In the costume department you should look at the smart tweed coats and skirts at two pounds, and the tweed skirts with bodice material at sixteen shillings; while in the ladies' outfitting department the reductions are so great and the things so charmingly pretty that those of you who are getting your trousseaux prepared should certainly make a point of looking over it; you would be able, I am sure, to get what you wanted at a much less price than you had anticipated.

So one and all of you send, in the first instance, for a sale catalogue, and then, if by any means you can possibly manage it, be first in the field on Jan. 1, and enjoy to the full the pleasurable excitement of securing the best bargains.

It seems so long since we had any hats that I thought it time to look in at 231, Regent Street, and consult Mrs. Farey on the subject. I found

violets blooming in profusion alike on hats and bonnets—in fact, though these dainty wee flowers seemed to have reached the zenith of their popularity in the spring, they are just as much the rage now as though they were a new discovery. I have seen violets of the brightest hue in combination with rose-pink, buttercup-yellow, cerise, turquoise-blue, grass-green, and other vivid colours, and, somehow, they seem to tone with everything in a most wonderful way. Among all Mrs. Farey's violet-decked hats, the one that struck me most was of pale café-au-lait felt, the crown bordered with folds of eau-de-Nil velvet, while at the left side was a black satin bow deftly combined with an erect sable tail. The velvet was fastened in front with a steel buckle, and a bunch of dark-hued violets was laid on the brim, and so natural and fresh did they look that one could well imagine that they had just been plucked. Underneath the brim was a tiny rouleau of velvet, caught with a steel ornament at the left side. Now, will you look at the sketch of this hat and tell me if you do not think it well worth thirty-five shillings?





The other hat sketched—which was only thirty shillings—was of tan felt, bordered with a narrow edging of black velvet, and caught up in front with a cluster of long-stalked violets, a similar bunch being placed at the back. Round the crown was a band of astrachan, and the crown itself was pierced by a large pin with an astrachan head. A cluster of coque feathers and a black satin rosette were placed in front, and gave a perfect finishing touch to a lovely hat.

A hat which seemed to me well worthy of mention was of dark brown felt, with a touch of lovely old yellowish lace in front, backed by a wide-spreading bow of violet velvet and a high, black, tufted aigrette, bunches and trails of violets resting on the hair in a most becomingly coquettish way. A quaint little Dutch bonnet of emerald-green velvet, studded with jet cabochons, and bordered with an appliqué of jet, had for trimming black ostrich tips, placed erect both at the back and in the front, and a bow and strings of black moiré, and yet the price was only twenty-five shillings; while for a guinea you can get a lovely little bonnet of orange-yellow velvet, edged with a bristling border of jet sequins, and with two black wings in front, with a velvet bow for background, the strings being of black velvet, and a chou of sequins being placed at each side of the back. You could not want anything smarter or cheaper, I am sure.

I cannot resist just telling you about a lovely toque of black velvet, edged with a twisted sable tail, caught in front with a jet cabochon, while at the back were two tiny bunches of violets. The huge granny

muff to be worn with it was arranged in two full frills, the inner one of velvet, with a sable tail passing down the centre, and a bunch of violets nestling in the top, and the outer one of moiré antique, edged with sable. I think the description speaks for itself.

I daresay you have been thinking that the prices I have quoted are remarkably low, and now I will tell you that the reason is to be found in the fact that Mrs. Parey's winter sale commences on Jan. 1, and all her pretty things are being marked at half-price. I don't think that you could start the New Year in a better way than by making some genuine bargains, which would fill

you with a pleasant glow of satisfaction and self-gratulation; so take advantage of the opportunity, and, if possible, be at the opening of the sale on Monday next in time to secure all the best things.

And now good-bye to you and to 1893, and a very happy and prosperous New Year to you all.

FLORENCE.

A rather curious encounter occurred in one of our Courts of Justice between an editor and a certain counsel learned in the law, in which journalistic wit certainly had the better of forensic sarcasm—

COUNSEL: "I believe you succeeded Mr. Dash as editor of this journal?"

EDITOR: "I did."

COUNSEL: "And the property improved greatly in value?"

EDITOR: "Most certainly."

COUNSEL: "The circulation increased enormously?"

EDITOR: "It more than doubled."

COUNSEL: "And this was all due to your ability?"

EDITOR: "I have been assured so."

COUNSEL (hastily): "You are a very clever man, then?"

EDITOR: "I am. Were I not on oath, I would return the compliment."

## MORE MOODS OF THE UNCONVENTIONAL.\*

The pseudonym of "Mr." Egerton cannot have been intended to delude the reader as to the sex of the writer. Every line of this striking little volume bears the passionate impress of a woman's personality. It is passionate because it is woman in revolt, not against the restrictions of the suffrage or any mere political mechanism, but against that social conception of woman's part in life which the world has argued with the queerest logic from the fable of Eve. George Egerton says it is all the fault of man, who "manufactured an artificial morality, made sins of things that were as clean in themselves as the pairing of birds on the wing, crushed nature, robbed it of its beauty and meaning, and established a system that means war, and always war, because it is a struggle between instinctive truths and cultivated lies." Whether man is so exclusively to blame is a matter of opinion, on which the real lawgivers of countless households in our exquisitely virtuous middle classes might have something to say. But that "struggle between instinctive truths and cultivated lies" is the natural working of our beautiful social system. George Egerton wonders whether we shall "ever be able to tell the truth, ever be able to live fearlessly according to our own lights, to believe that what is right for us must be right." She may rest assured that the answer is a comprehensive negative, which has no mitigation in this United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland and Pecksniff, save an occasional blow like this book of hers at the "cultivated lie." Certainly there is nothing in "Keynotes" which errs on the side of convention. Woman is not presented to us as a decorous lay figure, palpitating with compressed sawdust. In the first story, "A Cross-Line," the heroine, who is married to a man absolutely without comprehension of her, is prevented from eloping with another, to whom she is quite intelligible, by the discovery that she is about to become a mother. It is not a theme for polite conversation over bread-and-butter. There is one scene, in which the process by which the husband quite unconsciously averts the catastrophe that is hanging over him, is indicated in a manner unusual in English fiction. But in any aspect, save that of the "cultivated lie," it is perfectly natural and wholesome. It is welcome, because any writing that puts a little blood into the barren and anemic novel of our immaculate islands is an inestimable boon. "Keynotes" is not suited for the nursery, and it cannot repose on the drawing-room table of the rectory together with Shakspeare and other robust authors who inhabit rectories in handsome bindings and are sedulously left unread. Heaven forbid that the maidens whose literary idol is Edna Lyall or Annie S. Swan should get any inkling of the humanity which lies beyond the horizon of decorum! How could they read George Egerton's "Now Spring Has Come" without perceiving that it was most indelicate for the lady to introduce herself to the author of an improper book, and "A Little Grey Glove" without a thrill of horror at the spectacle of a man wanting to marry a divorced woman who catches him in the ear with her fishing tackle? As for "An Empty Frame" and the three powerful stories, "Under Northern Sky," they are really full of things which no young woman with a well-regulated sense of the "cultivated lie" ought even to suspect, much less describe. I feel that I have discharged a moral duty in uttering this warning, and so I can add with a clear conscience that from anyone who cares more for truth than for orthodox mummery, and for the real flood of the human heart than for the tepid negus which stirs the veins of respectability, this little book, with all its crudities, deserves the warmest greeting. L. F. A.

## THE GOLF CRAZE ON THE CONTINENT.

The passion for golf still extends itself in all directions, from Shoeburyness even to Shanghai, and, as an intermediate stage, Cannes takes "putting" and "placing" very seriously to heart just at present. In fact, everybody who is anybody—and most people pride themselves on being that at Cannes—are in the full swing of enthusiasm over this good Scotch "stirabout," as they call it over the Tweed. Some friends who bask luxuriously in Riviera delights state that the Golf Club already numbers seventy-five, though the season has but just begun, and recruits of the "long spoon" are daily rushing in with fervent energy. Great improvements have been made in the links and club house accommodation since last season, and Colonel Woodward, the secretary, who is nothing if not energetic, has spent a hundred determined guineas on grass-seed, and with an "eminently satisfactory" result, as the papers say, and a sward which, for the Riviera, is quite meadow-like in rich greenness now spreads itself invitingly around. Plenty of hazards are to be had, too, for the adventurously minded, and between the fourth and fifth hole runs a rather treacherous little river, which has already reaped a plentiful harvest of balls on its rocky bed.

As to the club house, men who have not yet made tracks for the Sunny South will rejoice to learn that a number of stalls have been built on since last year for members' horses, and a plentiful water supply let on as well. None appreciate these increased luxuries more than the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, who, far from being a nominal president, is in the last degree an active one, and, as one of the first to arrive, is already practising every day in deadly earnest, intent, no doubt, on repeating his last year's triumphs. Mrs. Tennent, the champion lady player of the club, is also there, and in apparently excellent fettle. Countess Torby is evidently intent on making a golf reputation, as she has already done with tennis.

\* "Keynotes." By George Egerton. London: Elkin Mathews and John Lane.

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### CURIOUS EFFECTS IN THE TREATMENT OF CORPULENCY.

The old-fashioned methods of curing obesity were based upon the adoption of a sort of starvation dietary. Would any reader now believe that by the new and orthodox treatment a stout person can take almost double his usual quantity of food, and yet decrease one or two pounds of fat daily for a time? This is very singular, and directly hostile to previous opinions held by medical authorities, yet it is a fact. The author of the comparatively new system in question explains that the person under treatment is restored to a healthier state in the small space of twenty-four hours, having lost probably 2 lb. of superfluous deposit, the organs display great activity, and more food is required. By standing on a weighing-machine, the proof of reduction is incontrovertibly shown daily. In serious cases a five to ten pound weekly loss is registered until the person approaches his or her normal weight, then the diminution becomes less pronounced, the muscles firmer, the brain more active, less sleep is desired, and finally a cure effected. Compiled reprints of medical and other journals, and interesting particulars, including the "recipe," which is quite harmless, can be obtained from a Mr. Russell, of 27, Store Street, London, W.C., by enclosing six stamps. We think our readers would do well to call their corpulent friends' attention to this.

*The following are Extracts from other Journals.*

#### A POSITIVE CURE FOR CORPULENCY.

Any remedy that can be suggested as a cure or alleviation for stoutness will be heartily welcomed. We have recently received a well-written book, the author of which seems to know what he is talking about. It is entitled, "Corpulency and the Cure," and is a cheap issue (only 6d.) published by Mr. F. C. Russell, of Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London. Our space will not do justice to this book; send for it yourself. It appears that Mr. Russell has submitted all kinds of proofs to the English Press. The editor of the *Tribune*, the Catholic organ, writes: "Mr. Russell does not give us the slightest loophole for a doubt as to the value of his cure, for in the most straightforward and matter-of-fact manner he submitted some hundreds of original and unsolicited testimonial letters for our perusal, and offered us plenty more if required. To assist him to make

this remedy known, we think we cannot do better than publish quotations from some of the letters submitted. The first one, a Marchioness, writes from Madrid: 'My son, Count —, has reduced his weight in twenty-two days 16 kilos—i.e., 34 lb.' Another writes: 'So far (six weeks from the commencement of following your system) I have lost fully two stone in weight.' The next (a lady) writes: 'I am just half the size.' A fourth: 'I find it is successful in my case. I have lost 8 lb. in weight since I commenced (two weeks).' Another writes: 'A reduction of 18 lb. in a month is a great success.' A lady from Bournemouth writes: 'I feel much better, have less difficulty in breathing, and can walk about.' Again, a lady says: 'It reduced me considerably, not only in the body, but all over.' The author is very positive. He says: "Step on a weighing-machine on Monday morning and again on Tuesday, and I guarantee that you have lost 2 lb. in weight without the slightest harm, and vast improvement in health, through ridding the system of unhealthy accumulations."—*Cork Herald*, Aug. 27, 1892.

#### HOW TO CURE CORPULENCY.

The main feature of fat in the animal body has been made the subject of much spirited discussion: on the one hand, it was contended that satisfactory evidence exists of the conversion of starch and saccharine substances into fat, by separation of carbon and oxygen, the change somewhat resembling that of the vinous fermentation; it was urged, per contra, that oily or fatty matter is invariably present in the food supplied to the domestic animals, and that this fat is merely absorbed and deposited in the body in a slightly modified state. The question has now been decided in favour of the first of these views, which was enunciated by Professor Liebig, the very chemist who formerly advocated the second opinion. By a series of very beautiful experiments, MM. Dumas and Milne-Edwards proved that bees feeding exclusively upon sugar were still capable of producing wax. Dr. Ebstein advocates the use of fat in cases of corpulency, while other doctors as high up the ladder of medical fame recommend lean meats, while others worry the unhappy victims of obesity by insisting upon administering copious draughts of hot water fasting—a most pernicious practice we believe. Although so much has been written on this subject by the learned foreigners of the medical faculty, we can approve of no theory so effectual in the reduction

of corpulency as the one advanced by Mr. F. C. Russell, the author of "Corpulency and the Cure," an interesting little brochure which can be bought for six stamps, from the publishers at Woburn House, Store Street, London, W.C. He goes in for facts and not fancies, and practically says: First ascertain your correct weight, then drink three doses of a vegetable compound, perfectly harmless, of a most agreeable flavour; then step upon a weighing-machine in twenty-four hours and see if you haven't lost 2 lb. or more of unhealthy fat. The book is well worth reading.—*Birmingham Daily Gazette*, Aug. 19, 1893.

#### EXTRAORDINARY SUCCESS IN THE TREATMENT OF OBESITY.

Our corpulent readers will be glad to learn how to positively lose two stone in about a month with the greatest possible benefit in health, strength, and muscle by a comparatively new system. It is a singular paradox that the patient, returning quickly to a healthy state with increased activity of brain, digestive and other organs, naturally requires more food than hitherto, yet, notwithstanding this, he absolutely loses in weight one to two pounds daily, as the weighing-machine will prove. Thus there is no suggestion of starvation. It is an absolute success; and the author, who has devoted years of study to the subject, absolutely guarantees a noticeable reduction within twenty-four hours of commencing the treatment. This is different with other diseases, for the patient in some cases may go for weeks without being able to test whether the physician has rightly treated him, and may have derived no real or apparent improvement in health. Here, we repeat, the author guarantees it in twenty-four hours, the scale to be the unerring judge. The treatment aims at the actual root of the disease, so that the superfluous fat does not return when discontinuing the treatment. It is perfectly harmless. We advise our readers to call the attention of stout friends to this, because, sincerely, we think they ought to know. For their information we may say that, on sending cost of postage (6d.), a reprint of Press notices from some hundreds of medical and other journals (British and foreign), and other interesting particulars, including the "recipe," can be had from a Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, W.C.—*Belfast News Letter*.

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## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

Ha! ha! ha! How Welshmen must be laughing this year! I remember well that in the very first number of *The Sketch* I pointed out the growth of the Welsh system of playing four three-quarter backs, and asserted from week to week that the system which had done so much for Welsh football was bound to spread throughout the kingdom until it became the recognised formation of modern Rugby teams.

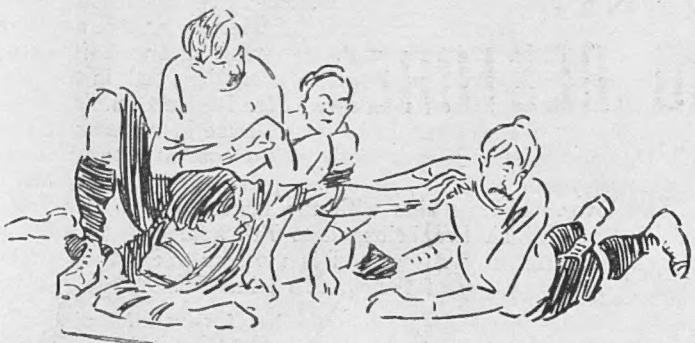
I believe that I made the prophecy that in two seasons most of the principal clubs in England would be adopting the Welsh style. Events have travelled faster even than I anticipated. Last season North and South made a tentative experiment of four three-quarter backs, and on Saturday, the 16th, at Manchester, they again repeated the Welsh formation—this time no longer as an experiment, but as the recognised formation. More than that, immediately after the North and South match the Rugby Union of England actually selected four three-quarter backs in the team to meet Wales.

This is a somersault of the Rugby Union with a vengeance. When Wales defeated England at Cardiff last year, some of the Rugby Union officials made a declaration of opinion on the Welsh system, and not one of them expressed himself as decidedly

in its favour, although Rowland Hill went so far as to declare that he had an open mind in the matter. An open mind! Good old Roby! The wind has veered round from the air of old English prejudice to a more cosmopolitan quarter. It is never too late to mend, but I fancy it will take a few years for England to become so expert at the Welsh game as the Welshmen now are. In the meantime, I am hopeful—indeed, sanguine—that the individual excellence of England will quite compensate for the brilliant combination of our Welsh neighbours. The first International of the season will be played at Birkenhead Park on Jan. 6, when I expect England to win, in spite of the fact that at the present moment we have not a couple of capable centre three-quarter backs.

It has now been decided that Lancashire and Cheshire will meet again for the championship of the North-Western group at Manchester on Dec. 30, while Devon and Somerset will meet at Exeter on Jan. 3 to decide the South-Western championship.

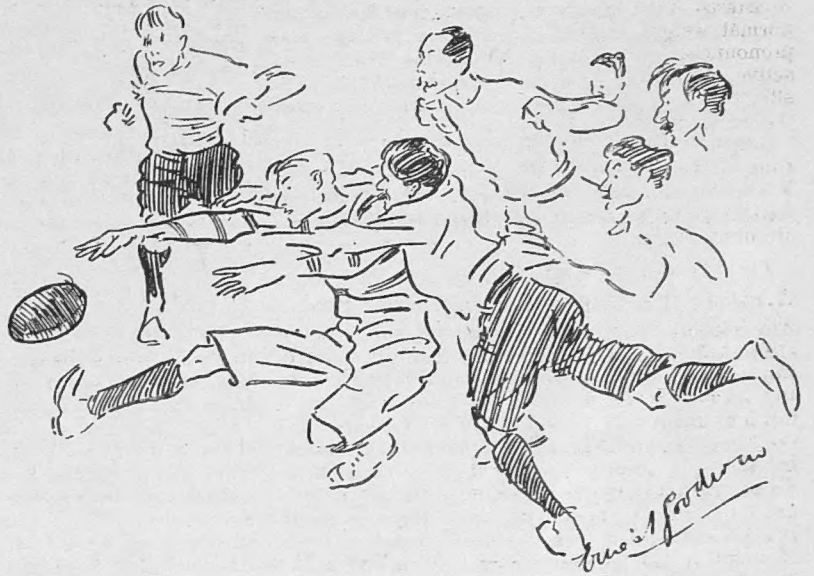
Some extraordinary things are taking place in the League competition, although there is one team playing with startling consistency, and that is Aston Villa. In recent years the Villans have been constantly reproached by their followers on their in-and-out form; but this charge can be levelled against them no longer, for not only do they win all their home fixtures, but they also win a majority of their matches away. This form is quite good enough to win them the League championship, and already there are those—not a few—who fancy the Birmingham team for the double event, the League and Association Cups. Only one club has ever had the ability and good fortune to win both cups in one year. This was done by Preston North End the first year the League was instituted. Proud Preston, as the team was then called, was then in its palmy days; for not only did the club win both cups, but not a single



match was lost in the League, and not a single goal scored against them in the Association Cup competition. Things have changed sadly for the Prestonians now, for at the present moment they have won but five out of seventeen matches, and are actually third from the bottom of the League list. Of the men who played for Preston in the old days only two now take the field. These are the brothers N. and J. Ross—the former a back who has never been excelled, and the latter one of the best forwards that ever toed the line. They may now be lacking a little in the freshness and fire of youth, but they still retain all their old skill and mastery over the ball. In the matter of accidents both have had rather an unhappy experience this season. N. J. has been on the injured list for weeks, while Jimmy has had his collar-bone twice broken. This trifle, however, does not seem to interfere much with his football.

Another club which seems to be rapidly retrograding is Sunderland, last year's League champions. Although they have only won six out of sixteen matches, they have not been blessed with the best of luck, and I have every reason to believe that their eclipse, if such it can be called, is only temporary. Perhaps they will surprise their friends yet by

winning the Association Cup, for they are now hopelessly out of the League championship. Next to Aston Villa, I fancy the chances of Blackburn Rovers for the double event. The Rovers are coming up hand over hand in the League competition, and they may yet give Aston Villa a fright. Until this year the Rovers have never made a name in the League, but as Cup-tie fighters they are the most famous of teams. They have won the Association Cup oftener than any other club, and I take it that their chances this year are as rosy as ever they were. I have pointed out more than once that several of the League clubs, owing to the enormous salaries they pay their men, are in financial



difficulties. It is said that there is one player who receives £7 per week wages, while the minimum salary cannot be less than £2 10s. or £3. A meeting was held recently by the League Executive for the purpose of reducing salaries. The main proposal was to pay a maximum amount of £140 a year to each player. To pass a rule of this kind a two-thirds majority is necessary, and this was not obtained. Perhaps after a few of the League clubs become bankrupt they may be brought to their senses. I have just heard that Ironopolis, a Second Division club, will be dissolved, as they are already £600 in debt, with no prospect of getting out of their difficulties.

The League matches for next Saturday will see some very warm games. Aston Villa will visit Preston, and people are wondering whether the Villans will keep up their sequence of victories by beating North End at home. Considering that clubs like Notts Forest and the Wolves have recently managed to win at Preston, I see nothing to hinder Aston Villa repeating the dose. I can see little hope, however, for Sheffield United at Blackburn, for, while the Rovers have been improving, the United have been going backward at an alarming rate. Sunderland will be at home to Bolton Wanderers, and surely the champions will do themselves justice by thrashing their guests on this occasion. Sheffield Wednesday at home should go up two points after meeting Darwen, and Notts Forest should do ditto by beating Derby County. Everton on their own ground ought to beat West Bromwich, and Stoke, after a hard fight, may defeat Wolverhampton Wanderers.

The men new to International honours in the team to meet Wales are Saville, Firth, and Hooper, at three-quarter back, Byrne, at full back, and Speed, Tucker, and Hall, forwards. It is rather curious that the two latter were merely reserve men, and received their places in the North v. South match by an accident. Hall is captain of the North Durham F.C., while Tucker is a Cantab and Canadian.

Oxford University did not make much of a show in Wales, where they were beaten by Newport, Cardiff, and Swansea. In the first match, however, when they were comparatively fresh, they gave a splendid display of scientific football, and had really hard luck in being beaten. Cambridge on tour were rather more fortunate, for, although unexpectedly beaten by Coventry, they walked round Cumberland to the extent of 15 points to nil. Going farther north, the Cantabs played a grand game against the Edinboro' Academicals, whom they defeated by 10 points to love. The comparative results of the two 'Varsities on tour make the form of the Inter-'Varsity contest rather hard to explain.





## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

To the large number of those who demand that fiction should provide impressions of the picturesque for them, "The Home of the Dragon" (Pseudonym Library) may be recommended. The stories are Tonquinese, and this much can be said for them, that they make one long for a sight of the Annamite maidens, with their simple hearts and simple speech, of the Annamite huts and the yellow Tonquin River—yet another shore to be touched on the voyage that every stay-at-home reader vows to set out on one fine day.

I have just come across a catalogue which is also a book, because it expresses an idea. It is called "Rambles in Books," is written by Mr. C. F. Blackburn, and published by Messrs. Sampson Low. Full of fads, and with not a little triviality and pedantry about it, it is yet worth looking at.

The compiler has a library. He does not think it is a very fine one; but he holds that those who keep books on a shelf should have some reason for doing so, and should state them. So in his catalogue he has set down not only the names and dates of the books, but also a suggestive passage from them, and a tag of criticism or of bibliography, anything to recall to the possessor why the book is on his shelf, or to whet the appetite of the borrower. You may turn up your nose at the remarks the compiler has thought it worth while to put down, but, at all events, he had an excellent and even amusing idea.

A book for the lounge by the fire is Mr. Kenneth Grahame's "Pagan Papers" (E. Mathews). Pagan is a favourite but not very meaningful adjective to-day. Apt or not here, the writer has certainly a sense of the unconventional joys of life, and on the high road, on the down, by the inn fire, he has had glimpses of fairyland and been filled with philosophic content.

His description of the vitality and personality in roads will appeal to all tramps. He is learned, and finely discriminating in loafing, and he does not discuss literary creeds or theories. But he has taken to himself, nevertheless, a very pretty literary style, something of the kind we have, perhaps, met before; but what matter?

If you come across a rather dull-covered book bearing a ponderous title, "Customs and Manners of Old England," by Alice Morse Earle (Nutt), you need not shun it. Miss Earle is a student of her grandparents, and ransacking old books and papers to find out what the old Puritan sires and dames were like must have been tedious enough. But the tediousness she has kept all to herself. We are only given the plums. The scraps of old love-letters, the glimpses into old households, are so capitally selected and arranged that the book bristles with the liveliest interest from first to last. Miss Earle's respect for the stern virtues of her Puritan ancestors is mixed with a wholesome sense of modern fun.

"John Oliver Hobbes" is surely turning over a new leaf. When it is completely turned we shall know what she is after. One can hardly tell from her new story, "A Bundle of Life" (Pseudonym Library). It, however, differs a good deal from her earlier ones. It is certainly not half so sprightly, though there is in it an abundance of cleverness. More than ever is she in revolt against form in her books. Indeed, the title does not half express the muddle of scenes and characters that make up the story. Yet each scene and character is separately interesting.

A novel very modern in tone, very individual, and worth some attention, is Miss D'Esterre Keeling's "Appassionata." She has gone to Finland for her subject, a fascinating country she persuades us to believe. But her characters are cosmopolitan, Russian, Finnish, French, English, and so on; indeed, one of the chief merits of the book is its keen appreciation of national differences. It is a story of artistic life; merely as a story, I should say, highly improbable; but as a study of temperaments, conflicting temperaments, it is interesting and even remarkable. It is the strongest thing the writer has done.

To come from ignorance of the existence of a thing right into the full enjoyment of it is a special delight. A previous half-knowledge takes away the zest of the joy of close acquaintance. Mr. Bliss Carman did not begin to write yesterday, but the selection from his poetry just issued by Mr. Nutt, "Low Tide upon Grand Pré," is my first chance of knowing what he has to say. It is a chance full of keen pleasure.

Of all Mr. Bliss Carman's themes, the one that brings out his greatest sweetness, eloquence, and inspiration is that of the wandering life. He should be the laureate of those who love to go afoot "upon the roads of endless quest." Here is a thought or two from his description of wandering and the wanderers' land—

It is a country of the sun  
Full of forgotten yesterdays.  
When Time takes Summer in his care,  
And fills the distance of her gaze.  
It stretches from the open sea  
To the blue mountains and beyond,  
The world is Vagabondia  
To him who is a vagabond.  
In the beginning God made man  
Out of the wandering dust, men say;  
And in the end his life shall be  
A wandering wind and blown away.

O. O.

## THE ICELANDER'S SWORD.\*

Mr. Baring-Gould, unlike Mr. Louis Stevenson, is not a writer whose books for boys will be found of equal fascination to grown-up people; but, no doubt, there are many youngsters who will read with pleasure the handsome new edition of his old story, "The Iclander's Sword." Modern romancists seem bent upon representing Iceland as the home of



THORARIN AND ERIC IN COMBAT.

barbarous and bloody deeds. Victor Hugo, in his "Hans of Iceland," gave us a picture of wholesale slaughter that were hard to match, and Mr. Hall Caine, more recently, has taken it as the scene of savage passions warring in their crudest form. Mr. Baring-Gould is not a whit behind, and if his conception of the Icelandic heroic in the fourteenth century be accurate, it is, at any rate, frankly repellent, and conceived upon lines of naïve brutality. Healthy lads, however, have a love of the savage and barbaric, and they will, no doubt, read with interest how the Icelandic youth hacked and hewed one another, and in the intervals burnt farms and carried off maidens. Mr. Baring-Gould's excellence lies in his descriptive passages, and we have some here struck in his best vein. The most spirited chapter deals with a combat between Thorarin, an impetuous youth with a passion for perils and fighting, and Eric, his sister's lover, whom he kills with the famous broad blue Icelandic sword Fireheart, which had belonged to Eric's father. This is rightly conceived and brightly written, and is more in the nature of honest fighting than some other of the youth's triumphs.

Thorarin, backed from Eric's reach, was collected, though full of fire. At one moment he retreated, at another had leaped a lava block, and Fireheart was whirled from another quarter. Thorarin fought, in fact, with hearty goodwill; occasionally he would run from his antagonist and deal a blow in behalf of Alf or Emar; then returning with a short pace the furious Sub-Deacon with one blow, Fireheart doubled and rent Eric's shield. The Sub-Deacon, with a furious oath, flung it aside, seized his sword with two hands and rushed upon his enemy. Thorarin saw his advantage, lifted Fireheart in readiness, and stepped back precipitately. The Aurora flamed crimson overhead, and flashed back red from the swords.

The last chapter contains a powerful and vivid description of an eruption, and the close of the book finds the revengeful Gudruma reconciled to the bonder and his family, whom she has pursued under a mistaken idea with relentless fury.

The illustrations are charming; but they are rather too much idealised to be appropriate to the text, and the women in their Grecian robes and the beautiful classic-faced boys might serve as illustrations to a noble epic rather than to Mr. Gould's story of fierce and savage passions.

F. H. L.

\* "The Iclander's Sword." By S. Baring-Gould. London: Messrs. Methuen and Co.